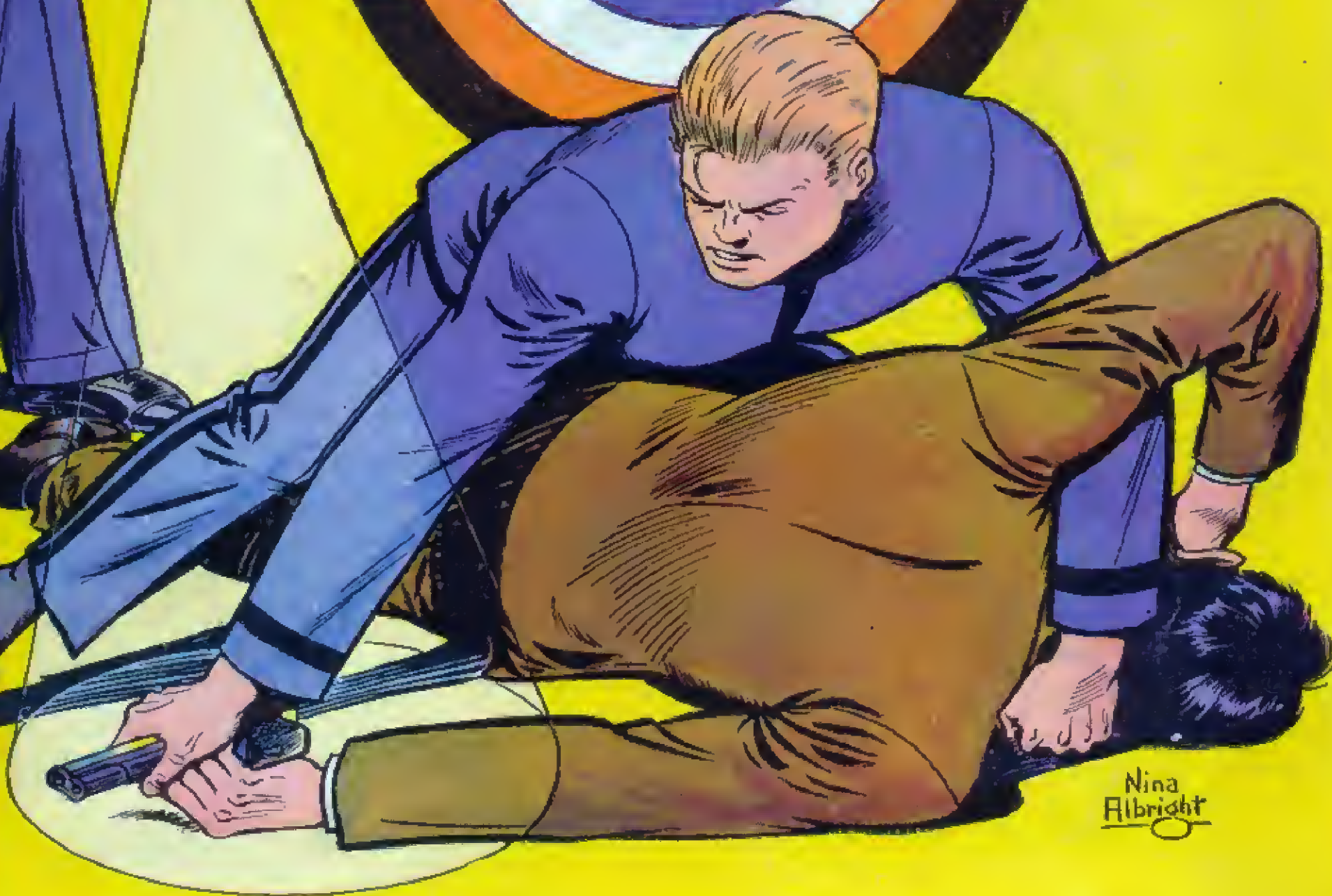


TARGET

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

COMICS

10¢



Nina
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VOL. 7 No 11

JANUARY



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HOW TO DETECT SECRET INKS.... Just like the FBI-

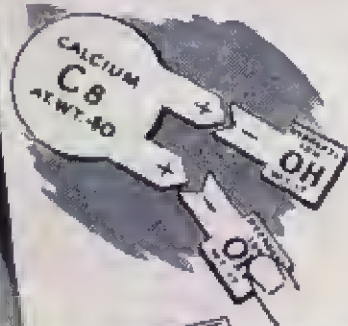


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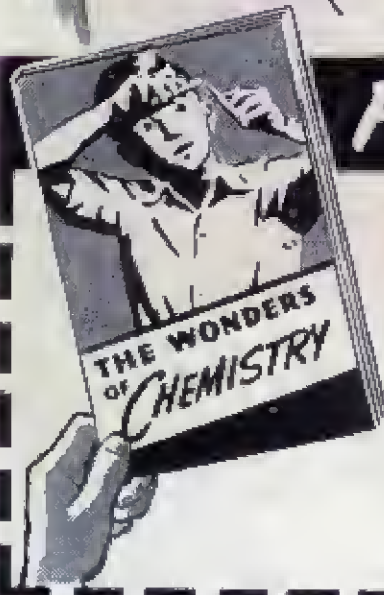
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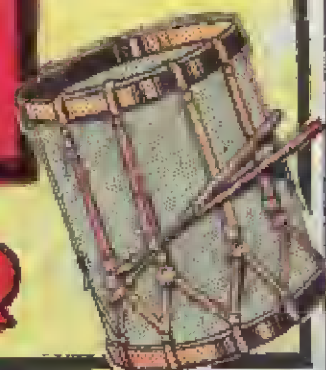
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- Alcohol Lamp blow torch for glass blowing • Directions for building laboratory apparatus and work benches
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MAIL COUPON TODAY!

THE CADET

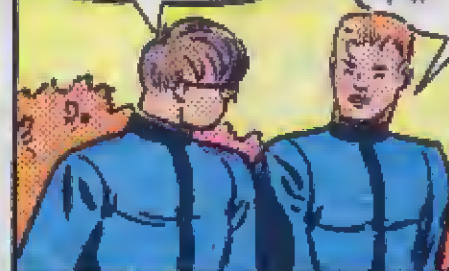
Featuring **KIT CARTER**



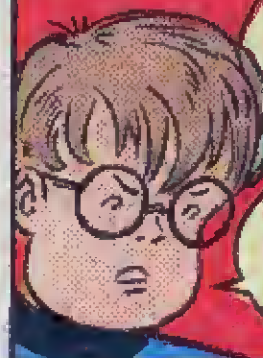
GIANT "MOUSE" BOWERS IS SO TAKEN UP WITH HIS BE-LOVED CHESSBOARD, THAT KIT CARTER HAS A TOUGH JOB WHEN HE TRIES TO GET THE YOUNG HERCULES TO USE HIS BRAIN INSTEAD OF HIS BRAIN!

IF DAUNTON DOESN'T GET A HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLER, WE'LL NEVER BEAT ROCKILL PREP IN THE TOURNAMENT!

OUR ONLY HOPE IS IN THE NEW STUDENTS- WHICH IS PRACTICALLY NO HOPE AT ALL!



IT'LL TAKE A SAMSON TO DEFEAT BEEFY WESCOTT! THAT MUSCLE-BOUND LOUDMOUTH CINCHES EVERY MATCH FOR ROCKILL PREP!



SAY! WHAT'S COOKIN' UP THERE?



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Doig Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

TARGET, Vol. 7, No. 11, January, 1947, published monthly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1946, by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Member of The Premium Group of Comics. Entered as Second-Class matter, December 5, 1939, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.



GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CALL A WRECKER! I CAN'T GET HER OUTA THAT MUD!

DON'T WORRY, MISTER! I'LL GET IT OUT!

WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS.. HERCULES?

THAT'S MOUSE BOWERS-A NEW CADET-AND A VERY QUEER DUCK.

HAW! HAW! LISTEN TO HIM! RUN ALONG, MOUSE!



UP SHE GOES!

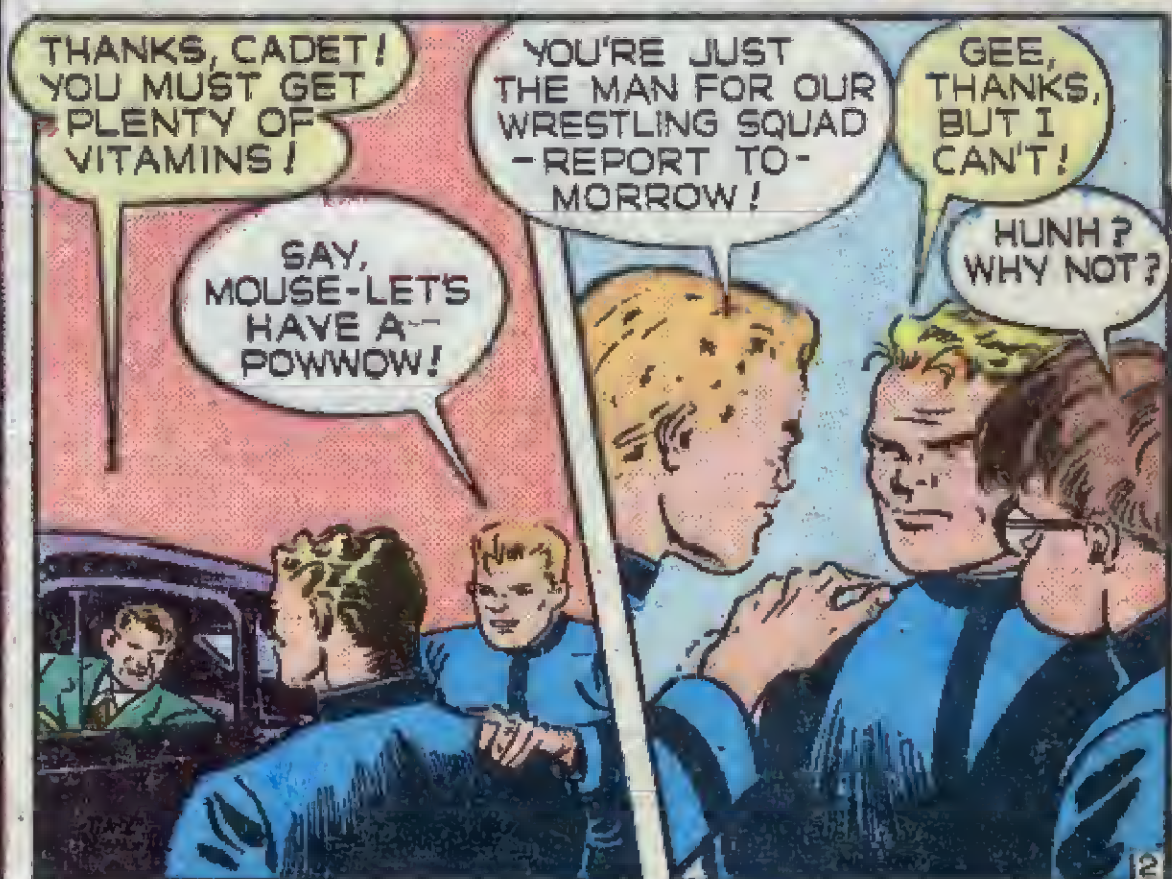
WOTTA MAN!

WOW!



YIPE! IT'S A MIRACLE!

HE'S OUR MAN! BEEFY WESCOTT'S IN FOR A TUSSELE THIS YEAR!



THANKS, CADET! YOU MUST GET PLENTY OF VITAMINS!

YOU'RE JUST THE MAN FOR OUR WRESTLING SQUAD-REPORT TO-MORROW!

GEE, THANKS, BUT I CAN'T!

HUNH? WHY NOT?

SAY, MOUSE-LET'S HAVE A POWWOW!



MY BIG AMBITION IS TO MAKE THE CHESS TEAM -- THANKS, ANYHOW!

CHESS? HOLY COW!

OW! ALL THAT GOOD MEAT ON THE HOOF, GOIN' TO WASTE!

DON'T WORRY, DAN! I'LL PUT HIS CLASSMATES WISE, AND THEY'LL SOON TALK HIM INTO IT!

MOUSE WILL BE TERRIFIC AS A WRESTLER! IT'S UP TO YOU TO SELL HIM THE IDEA. OKAY?

SURE!



GUYS WHO WIN WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIPS GET NICE BIG LETTERS!

YEP! THEY'RE BIG SHOTS ON THE CAMPUS!

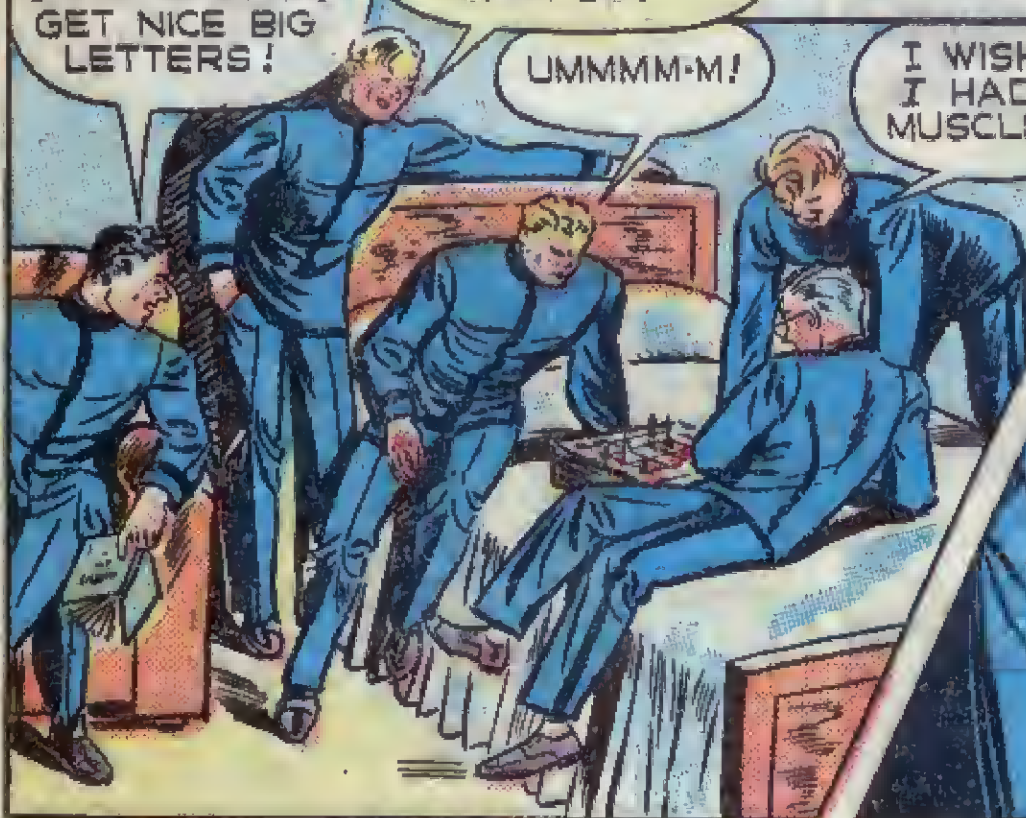
UMMMM-M!

I WISH I HAD MUSCLES!

I CAN HEAR THE CHEERS-- 'RAY! RAY! FOR MOUSE BOWERS!'

AND DAUNTON COULD BEAT ROCKILL PREP AT LAST!

UMM-M! LET ME SEE..



CHECKMATE! I WIN!

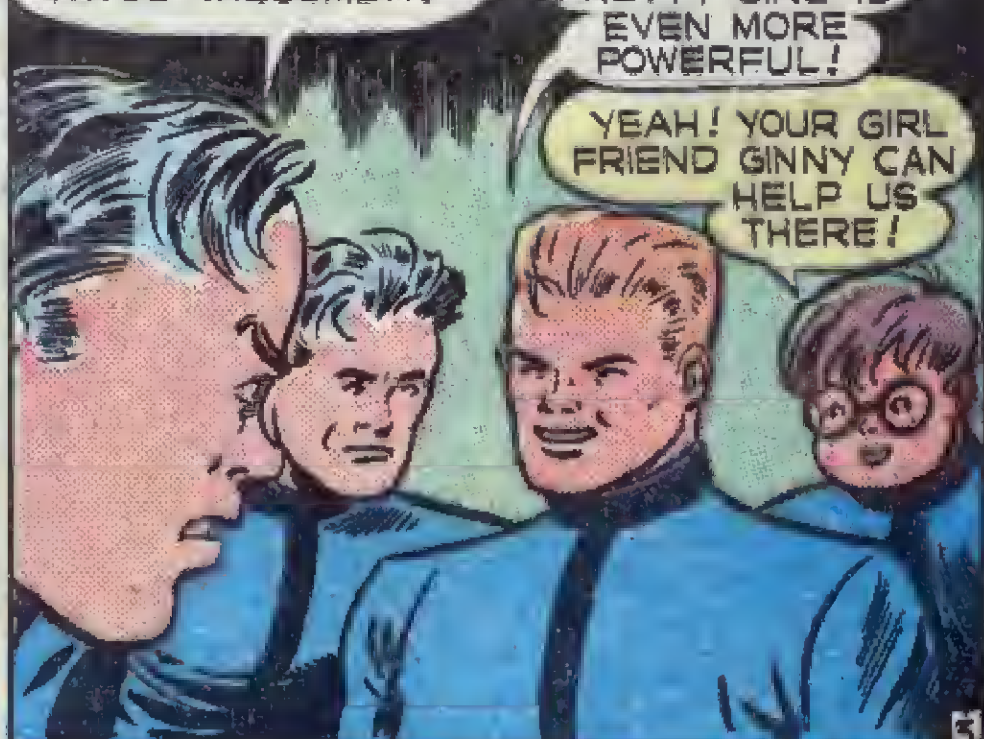
AW! WHAT'S THE USE! THE BIG OX WON'T LISTEN!

GUESS CARTER BETTER GIVE UP THE WRESTLING IDEA!

YOU NEED DYNAMITE TO GET HIM AWAY FROM THOSE CHESSMEN!

DYNAMITE, EH? SOMETIMES A PRETTY GIRL IS EVEN MORE POWERFUL!

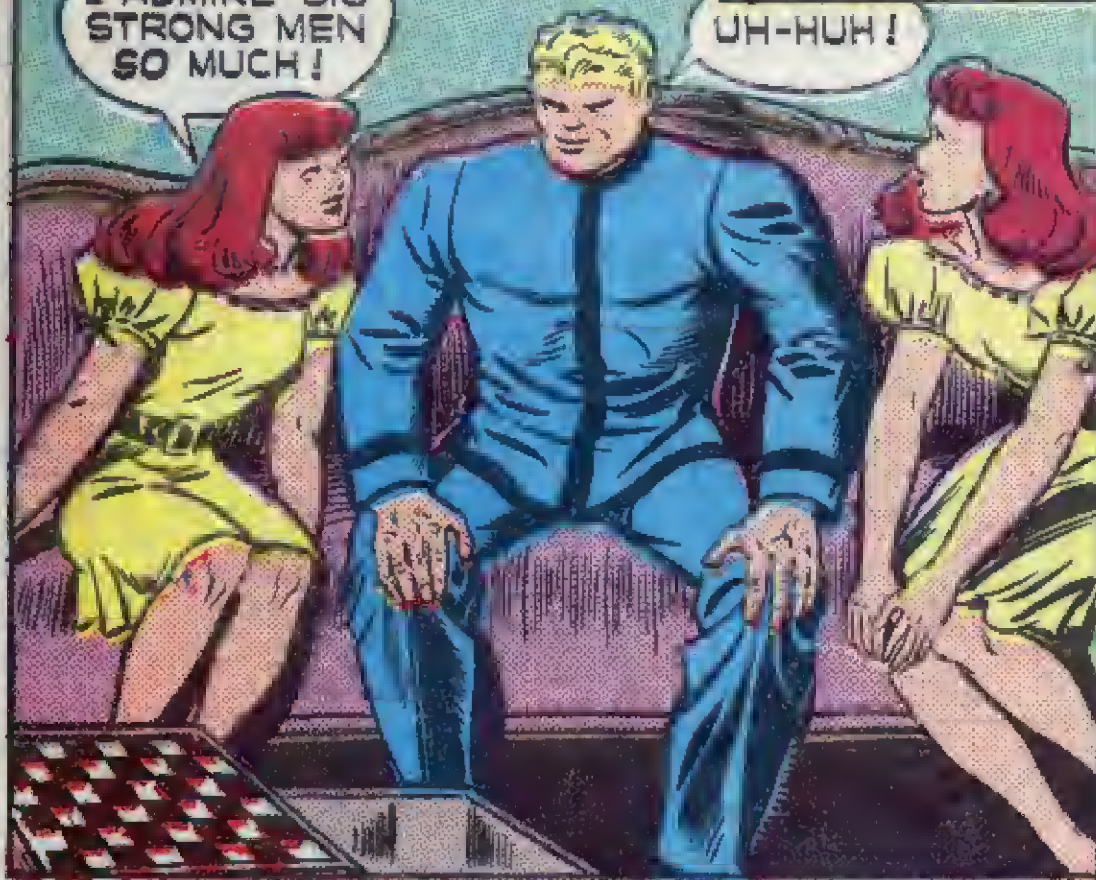
YEAH! YOUR GIRL FRIEND GINNY CAN HELP US THERE!



KIT PERSUADES GINNY TO SIC THE SPRING TWINS ON MOUSE.

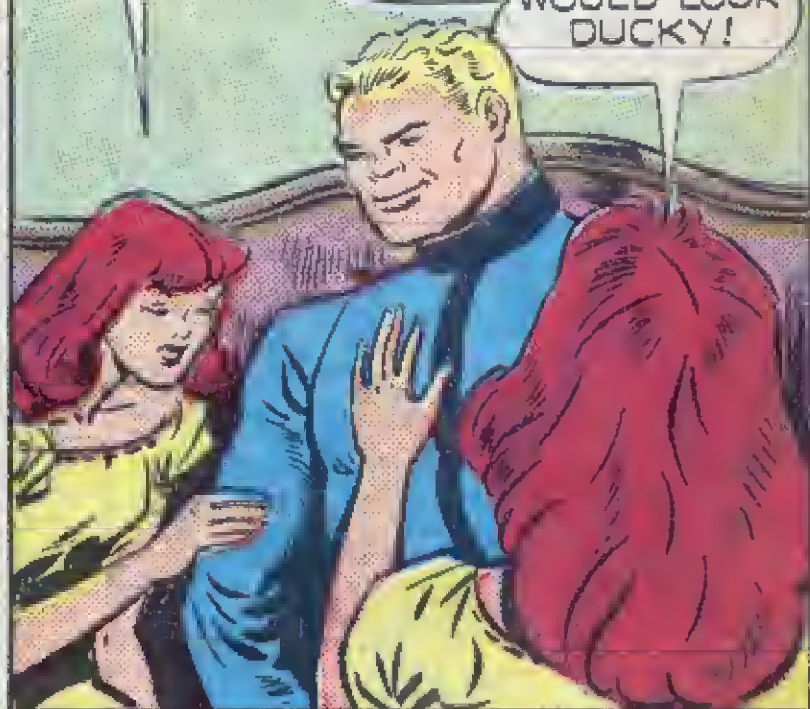
I ADMIRE BIG STRONG MEN SO MUCH!

UH-HUH!



LIKE IRON!

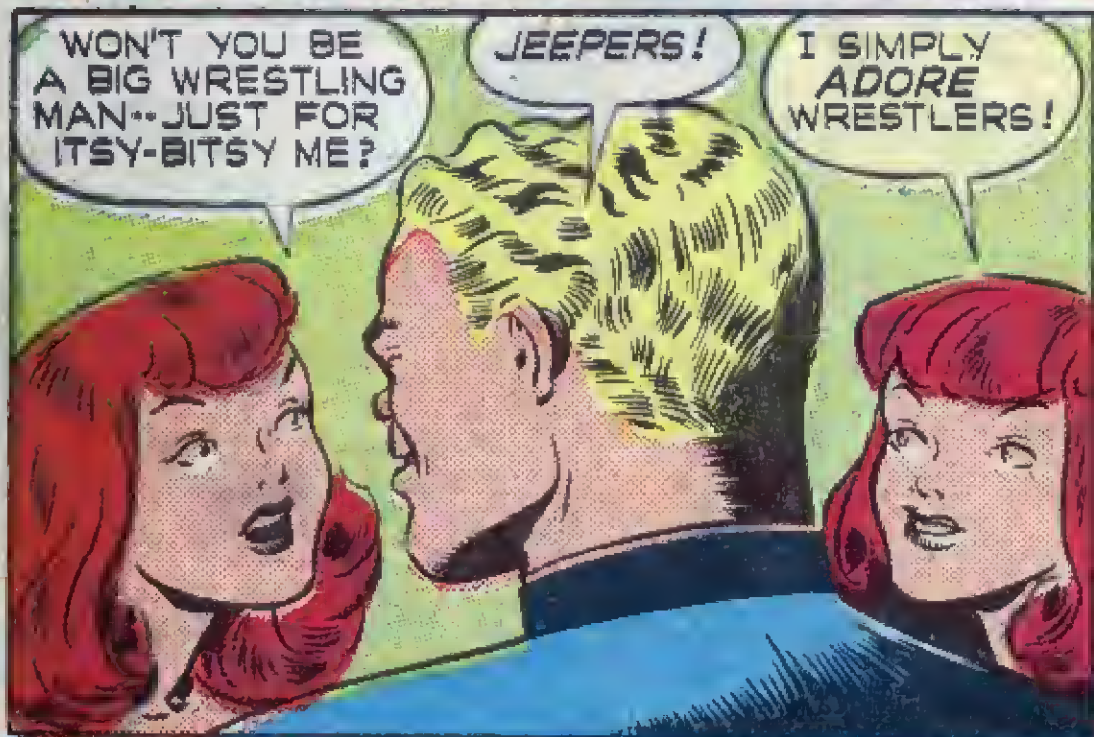
GEE, A BIG LETTER ON THAT POSITIVELY HUGE CHEST WOULD LOOK DUCKY!



WON'T YOU BE A BIG WRESTLING MAN--JUST FOR ITSY-BITSY ME?

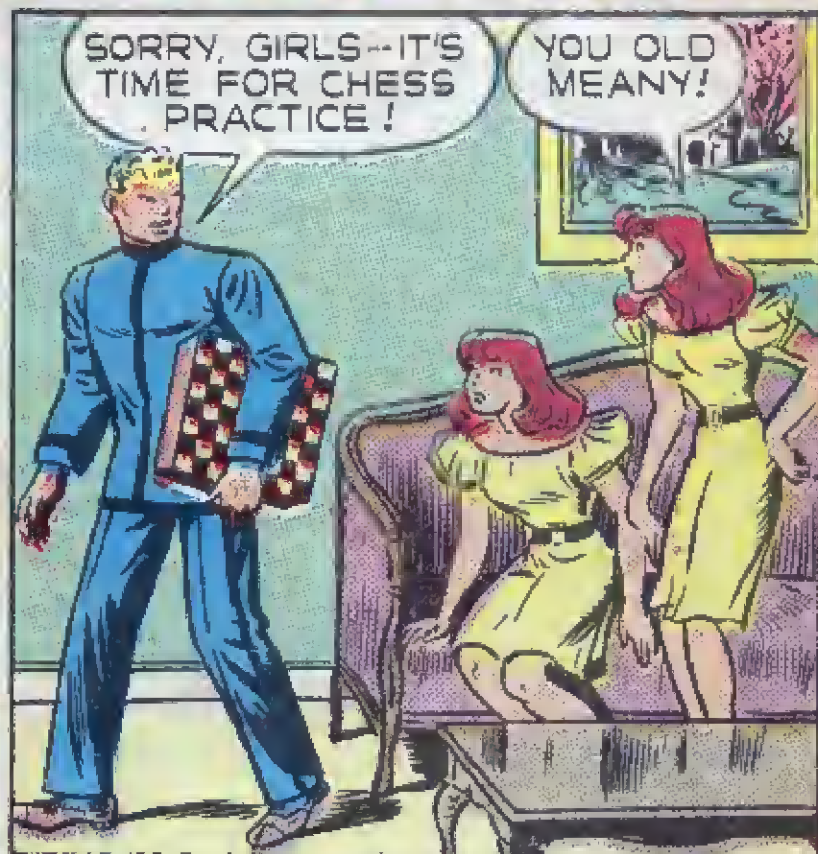
JEEPERS!

I SIMPLY ADORE WRESTLERS!



SORRY, GIRLS--IT'S TIME FOR CHESS PRACTICE!

YOU OLD MEANY!



NICE TRY, GIRLS--BUT I THINK YOU SCARED HIM OFF!

GOSH, GINNY--HE'D BE A WONDER IF HE'D ONLY JUNK THAT CHESSBOARD!

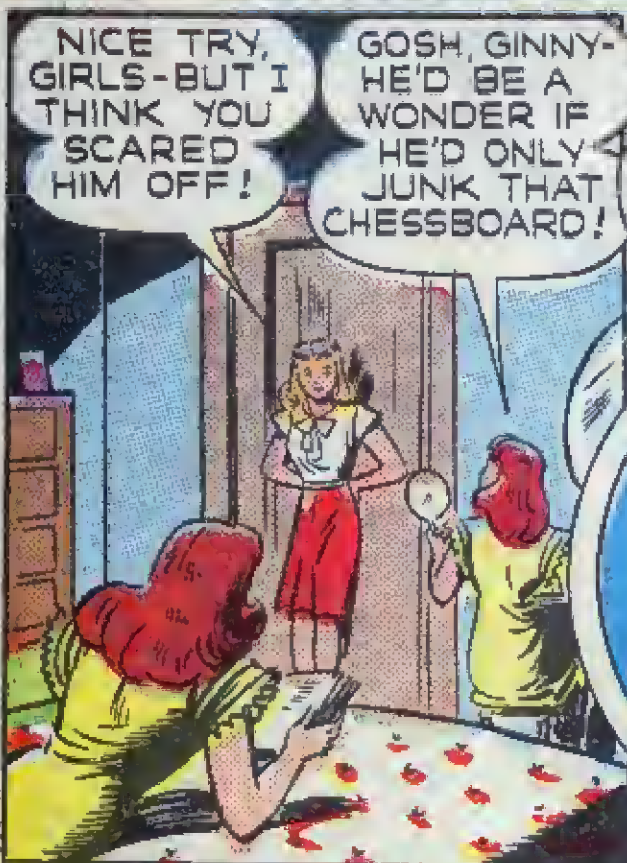
SORRY, KIT. WHEN THE SPRING TWINS FAIL, THE BOY IS BEYOND HOPE.

I'M GOING TO MAKE ONE MORE TRY TO TALK MOUSE INTO JOINING THE SQUAD!

SOON, IN A REMOTE PART OF THE DAUNTON CAMPUS...

AND IF YOU DON'T BEAT BEEFY WESCOTT FOR US, HE'LL BE ABLE TO SNEER AT DAUNTON FOR ANOTHER YEAR!

TIME'S A WASTIN'! ROCKILL INVADES US TOMORROW!



QUESTION No. 2 Who was the first American to bring the game of chess into prominence in the U. S.?



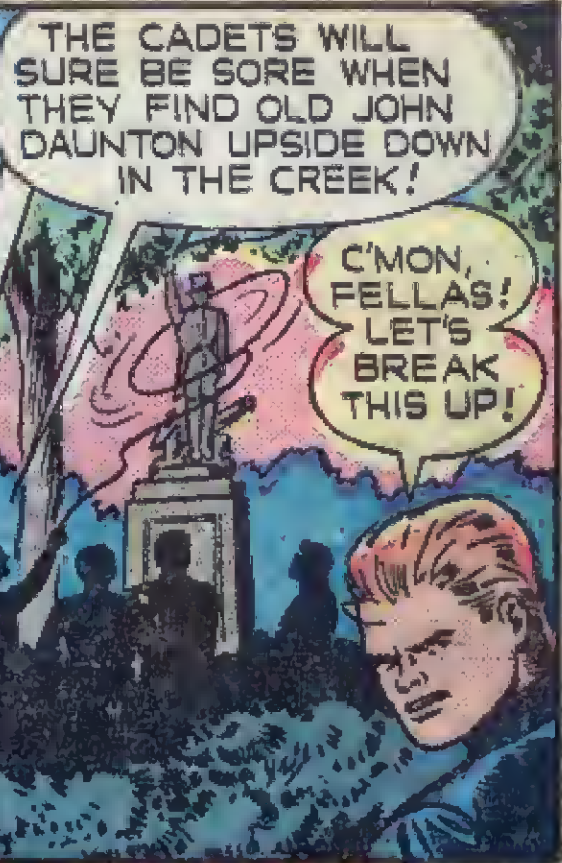
SORRY, BUT I STILL SAY NO!

HEY! LOOK!



OH--OH! A GANG FROM ROCKILL PREP!

AND UP TO SOME DIRTY WORK! LET'S FOLLOW THEM!



THE CADETS WILL SURE BE SORE WHEN THEY FIND OLD JOHN DAUNTON UPSIDE DOWN IN THE CREEK!

C'MON, FELLAS! LET'S BREAK THIS UP!



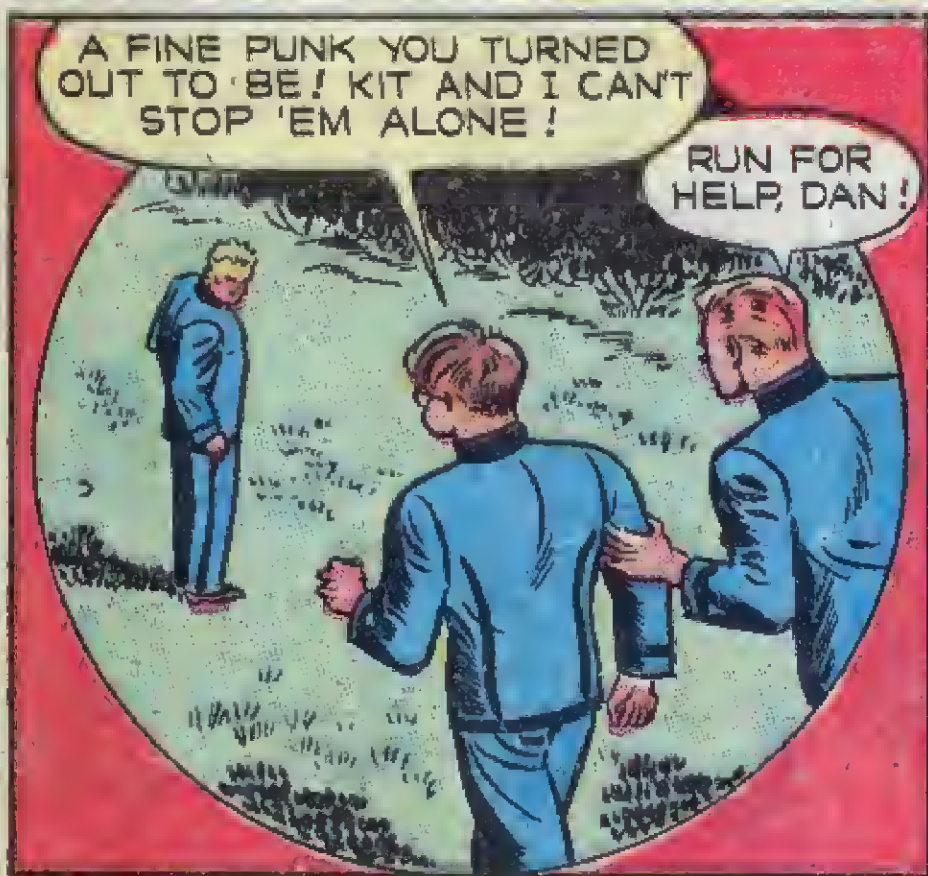
RUN ALONG, KIDDIES! YOU MAY GET HURT!

YEAH! WE GOT A GIANT WITH US--I HOPE!



OUTNUMBERED, DAN AND KIT ARE HURLED BACK--AS MOUSE REMAINS MOTIONLESS!

LOOKS LIKE YOUR GIANT'S AFRAID TO PLAY!



A FINE PUNK YOU TURNED OUT TO BE! KIT AND I CAN'T STOP 'EM ALONE!

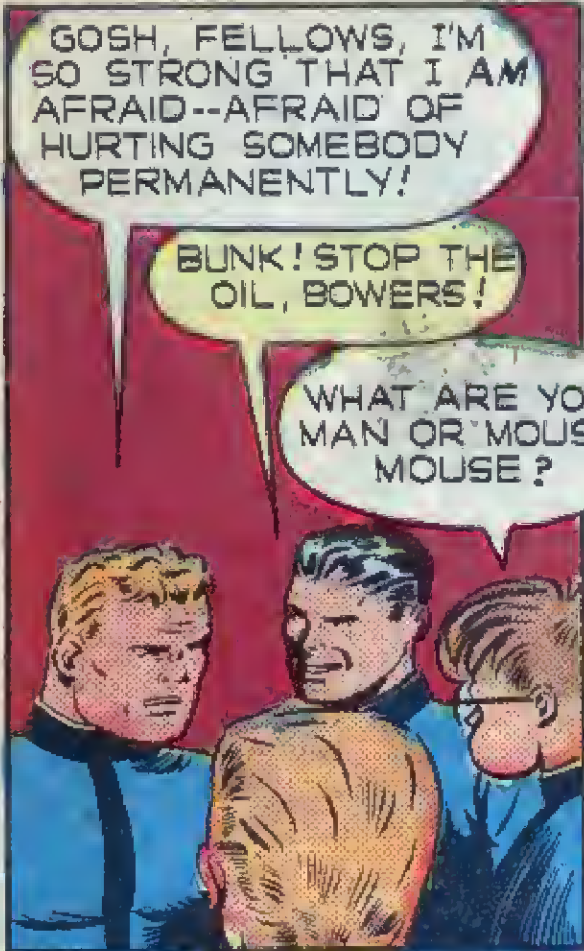
RUN FOR HELP, DAN!



THEY MAY GET THE STATUE OFF BEFORE DAN GETS REINFORCEMENTS! BUT I THINK I KNOW HOW TO ROCK THOSE ROCKILL PLAYBOYS!



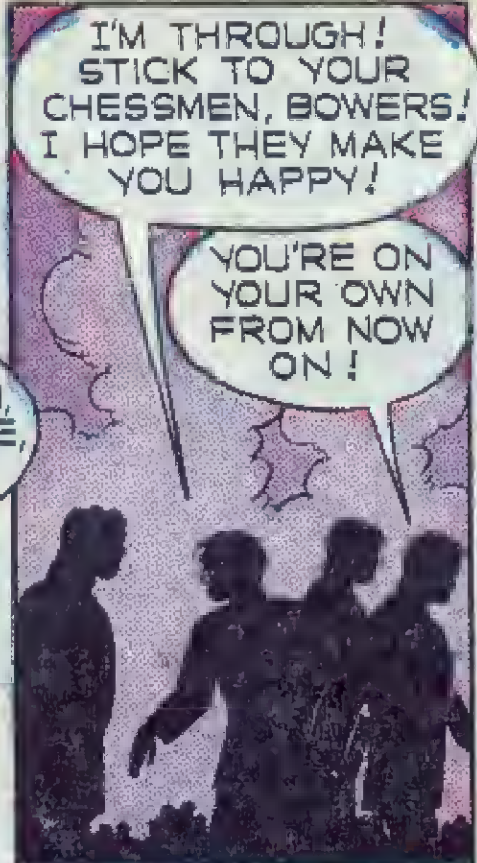
QUESTION No. 3. An aviary is a place where birds are kept. What is an apiary?



GOSH, FELLOWS, I'M SO STRONG THAT I AM AFRAID--AFRAID OF HURTING SOMEBODY PERMANENTLY!

BUNK! STOP THE OIL, BOWERS!

WHAT ARE YOU, MAN OR MOUSE, MOUSE?



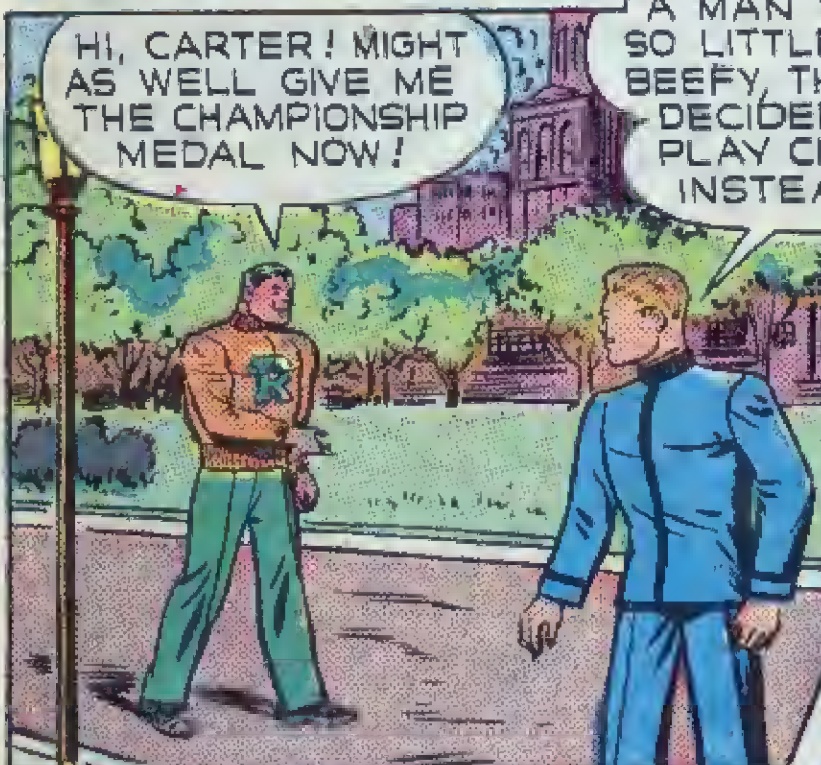
I'M THROUGH! STICK TO YOUR CHESSMEN, BOWERS! I HOPE THEY MAKE YOU HAPPY!

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN FROM NOW ON!



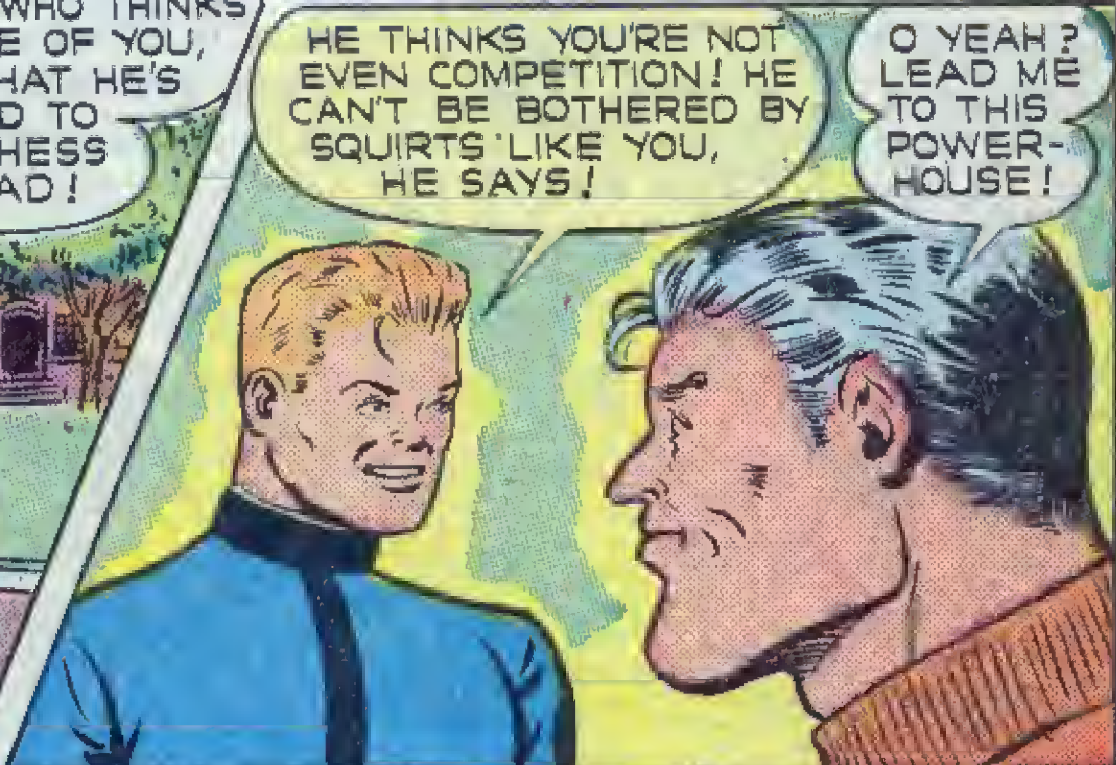
NEXT MORNING, JUST BEFORE THE ROCKILL WRESTLING SQUAD ARRIVES.

POOR MOUSE! I BELIEVE HE TOLD THE TRUTH--BUT NOW THE ONLY ONE WHO'LL EVEN PLAY CHESS WITH HIM IS THE JANITOR! WISH I COULD THINK OF SOME WAY TO.. SAY! I'VE GOT IT!



HI, CARTER! MIGHT AS WELL GIVE ME THE CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL NOW!

HUH! WE'VE GOT A MAN WHO THINKS SO LITTLE OF YOU, BEEFY, THAT HE'S DECIDED TO PLAY CHESS INSTEAD!



HE THINKS YOU'RE NOT EVEN COMPETITION! HE CAN'T BE BOTHERED BY SQUIRTS LIKE YOU, HE SAYS!

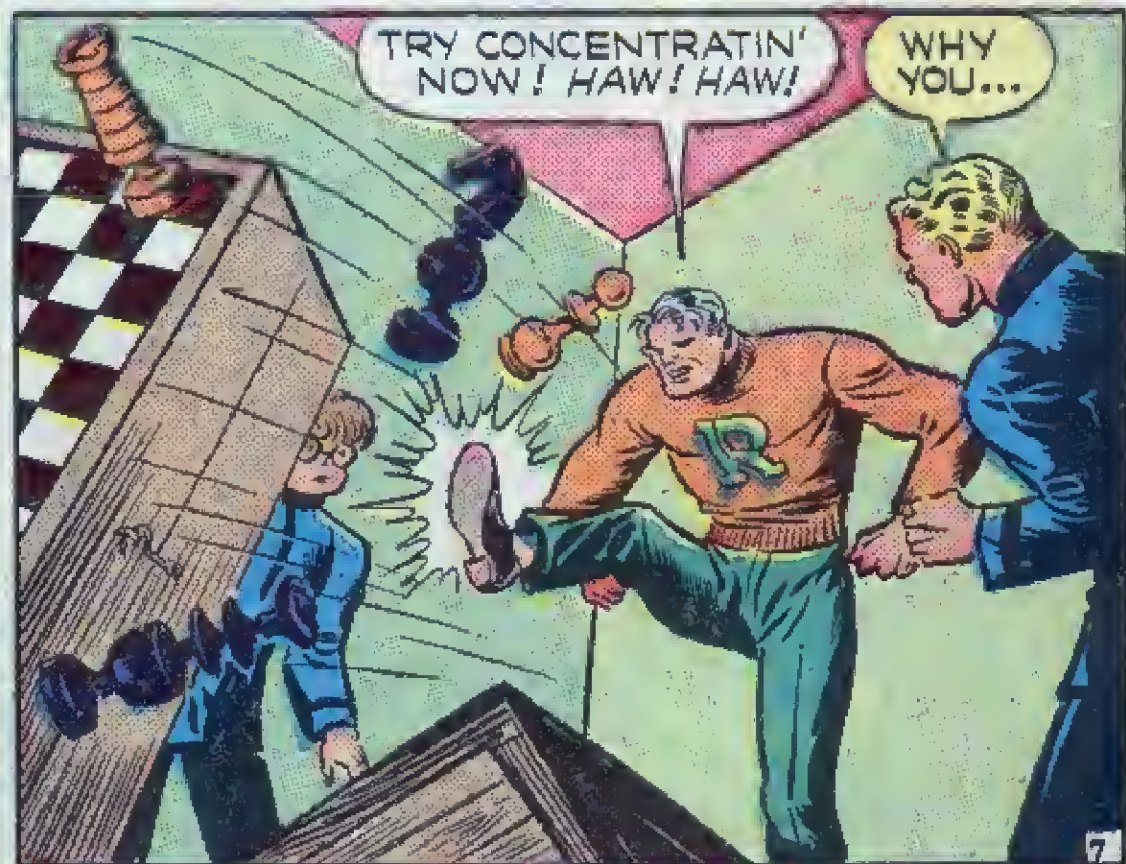
O YEAH? LEAD ME TO THIS POWER-HOUSE!



THERE HE IS!

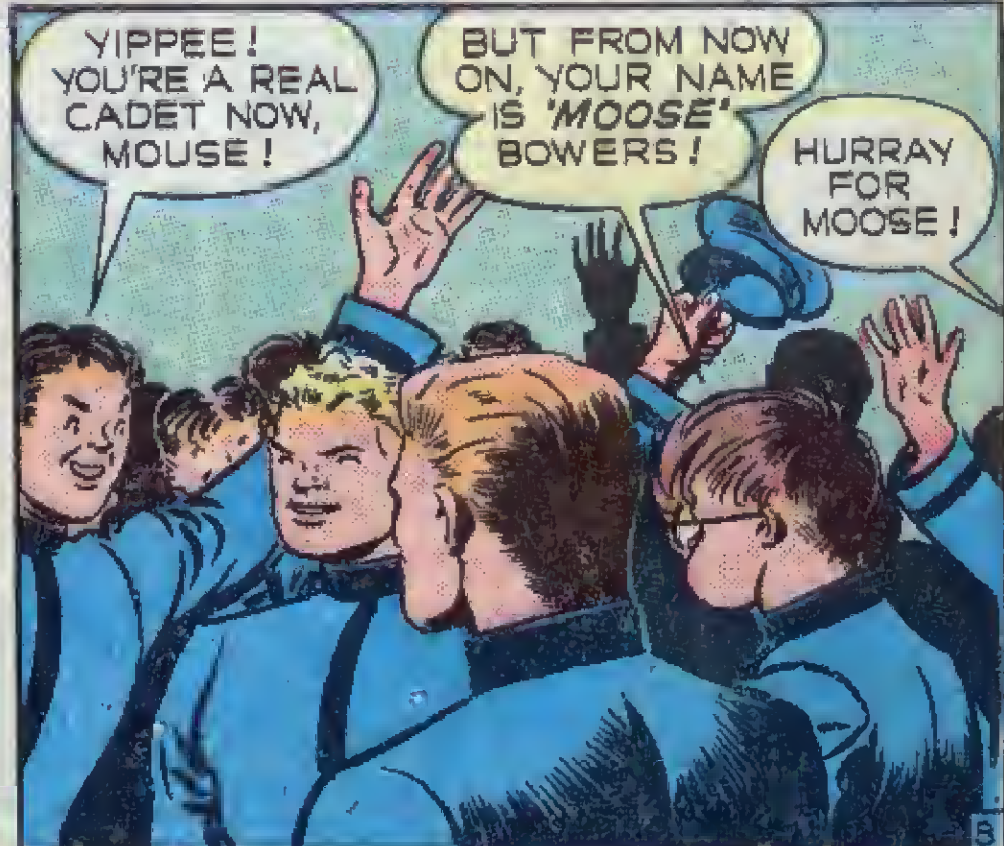
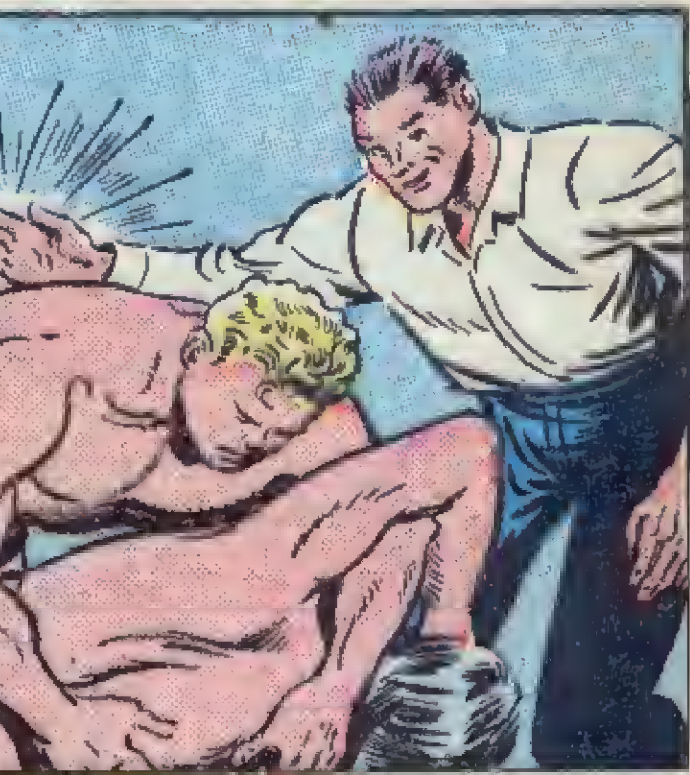
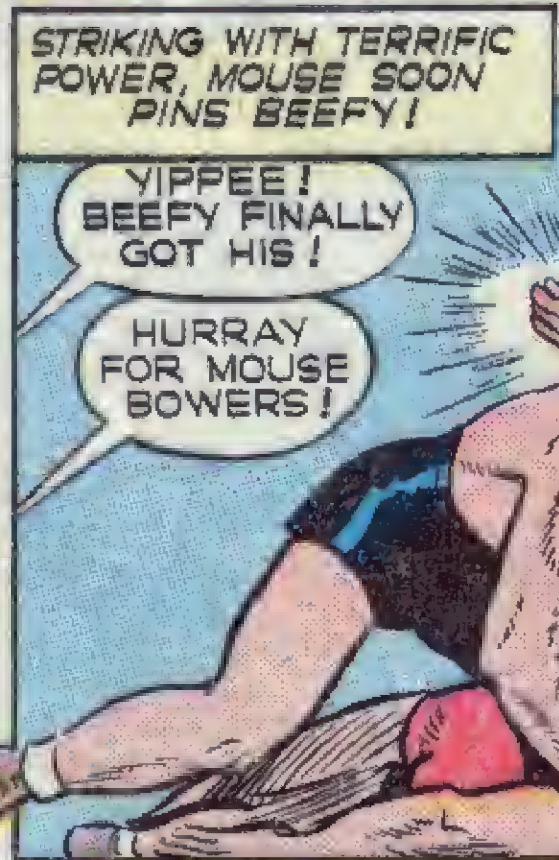
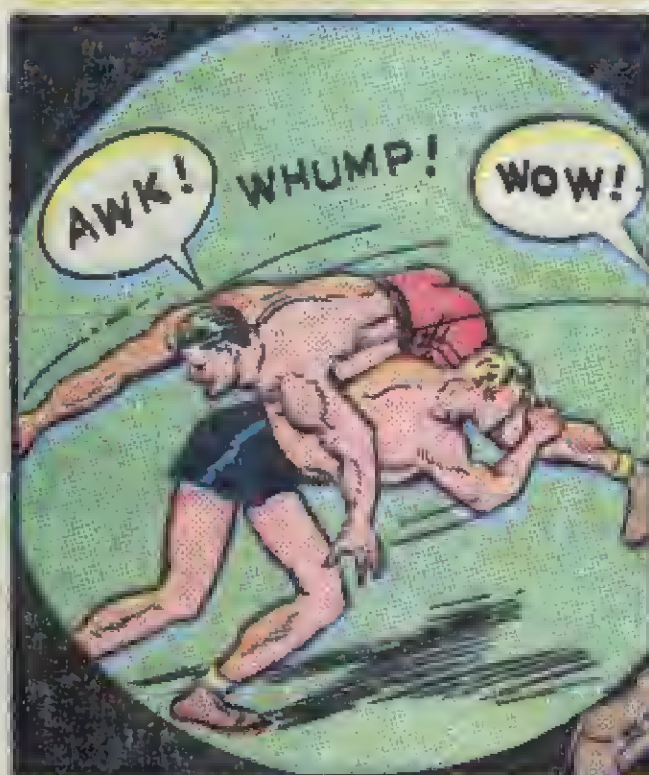
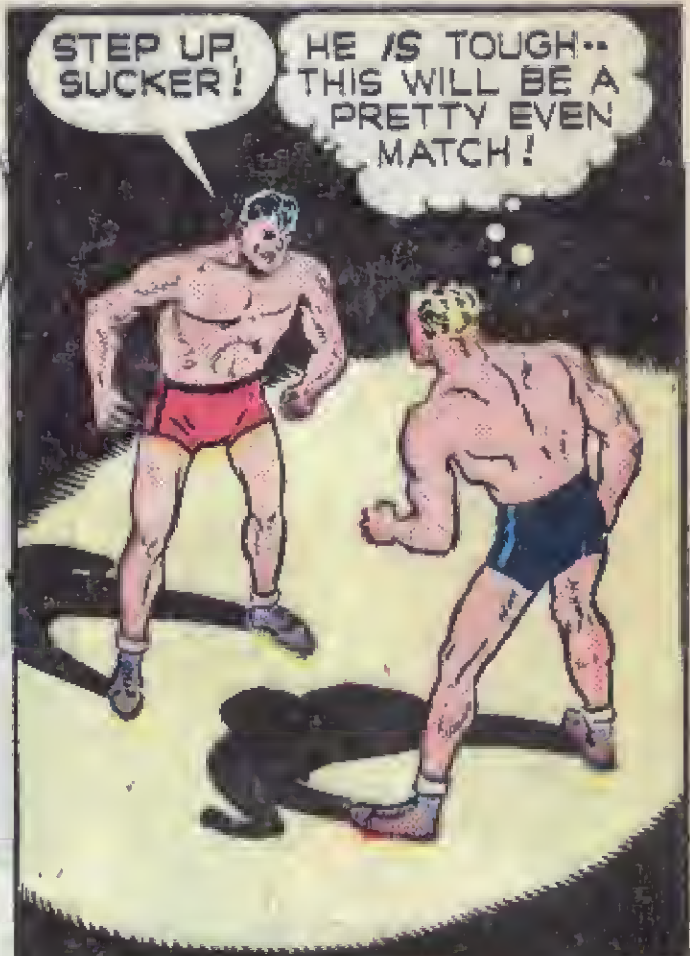
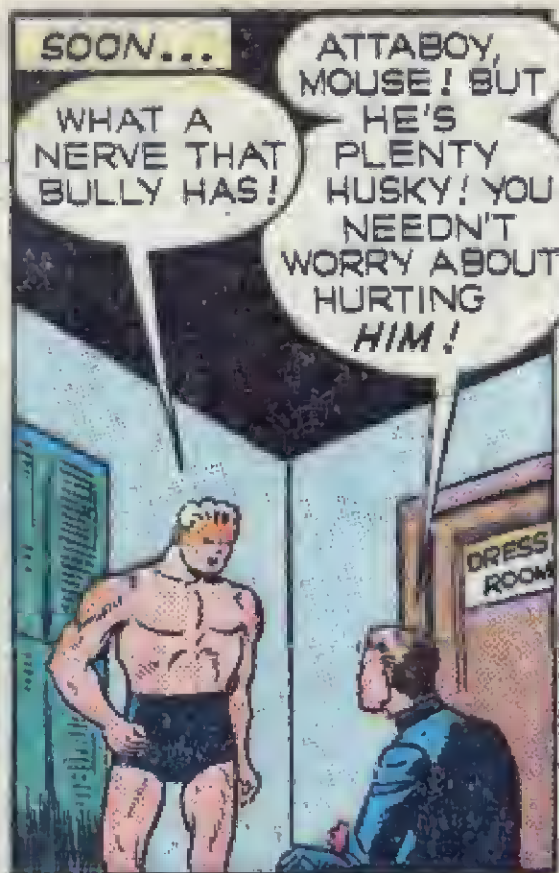
HAW! LOOKIT HIM PLAYIN' THAT SISSY GAME!

SHHH! I'M CONCENTRATING!



TRY CONCENTRATING NOW! HAW! HAW!

WHY YOU...



Get This **FREE BOOK** it tells How to

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Song Flute

Oh Boy! When tunes start purrin' from this fun stick you're really in the groove. 'Cause Song Flute musical merriment sets things going . . . any time, any place.

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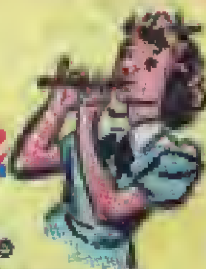


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This Certificate



is good for a gift copy of the colorful, pictureful booklet, "Swingin' on a Song Flute" when presented at any music store. 190



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PRESENT THIS CERTIFICATE AT YOUR LOCAL MUSIC STORE

WOT'S HE CRYIN' FER, HUH ???

AW, HE DUG A HOLE, 'N NOW HE WANTS TO TAKE IT HOME WITH HIM !!!

BAW

MILT HAMMER

G'WAN, WHAT D'YA MEAN YOU'RE A MAGICIAN ??

WELL—I KIN TURN WATER INTO A BATH TUB !!!

HERE—HAVE A PEANUT !!!

THANKS! I SHELL !!!

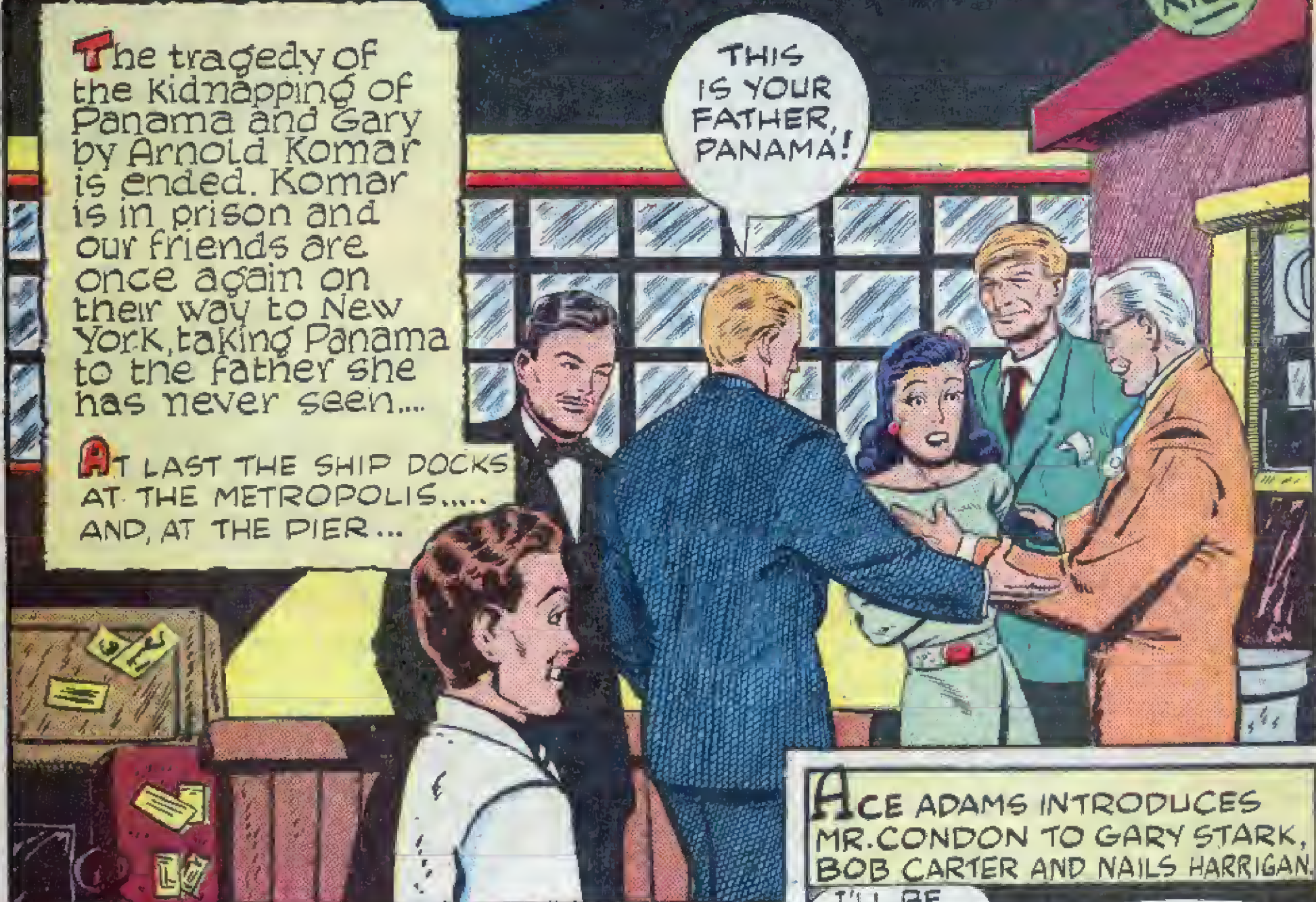
GARY STARK

by
DON
RICO

The tragedy of the kidnapping of Panama and Gary by Arnold Komar is ended. Komar is in prison and our friends are once again on their way to New York, taking Panama to the father she has never seen...

AT LAST THE SHIP DOCKS AT THE METROPOLIS..... AND, AT THE PIER...

THIS IS YOUR FATHER, PANAMA!



ACE ADAMS INTRODUCES MR. CONDON TO GARY STARK, BOB CARTER AND NAILS HARRIGAN.



FATHAIRE!

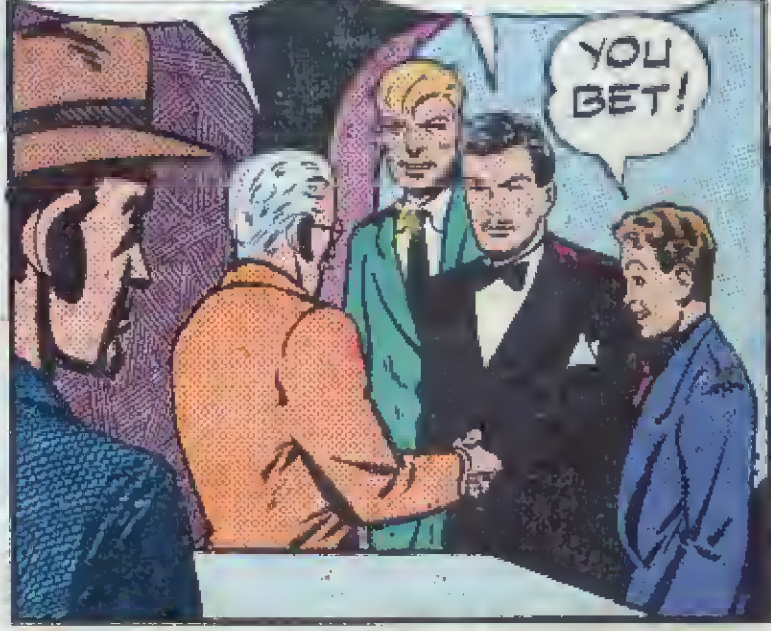
PAN... MY BABY!



SNIFF!

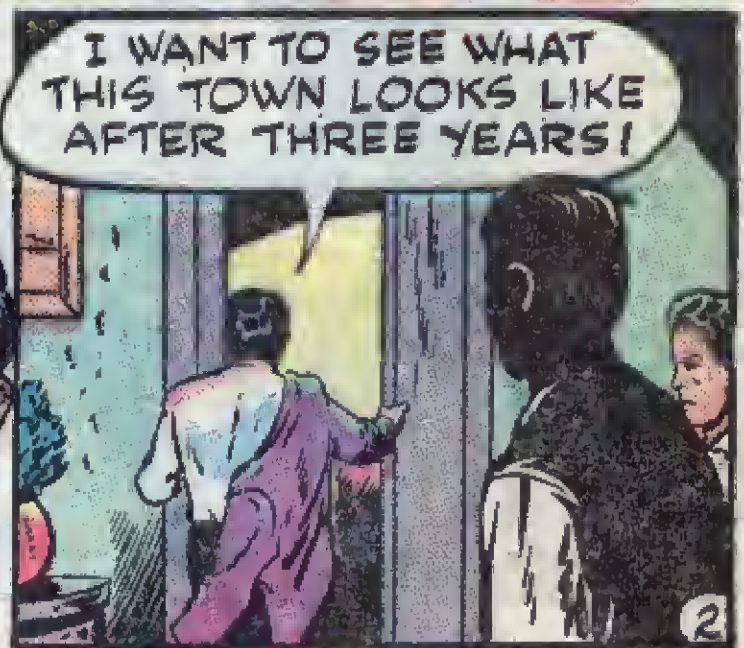
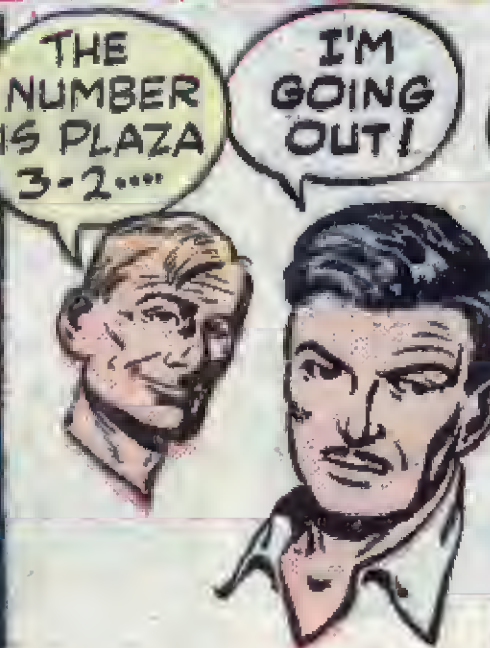
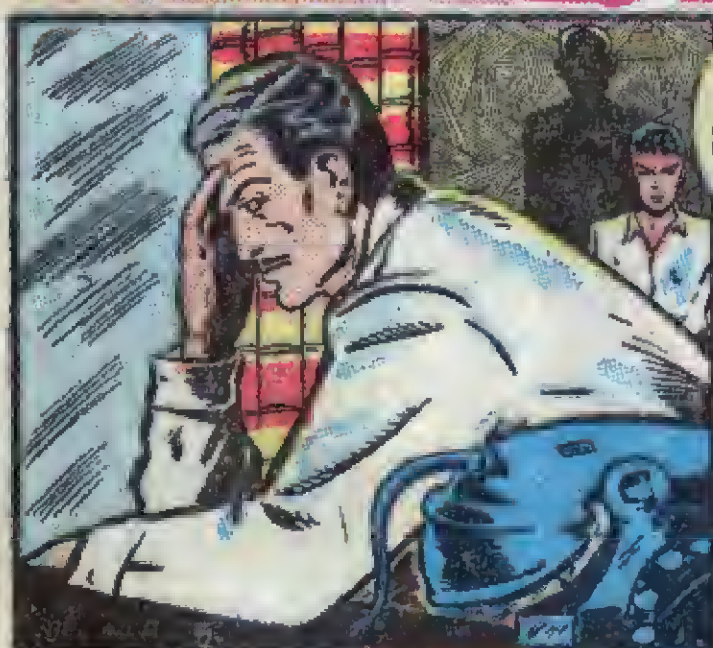
I'LL BE GRATEFUL TO YOU BOYS FOREVER!

PANAMA IS OUR GIRL, SIR! IT WAS A PLEASURE!



YOU BET!

QUESTION No. 4. H-A-double R-I-G-A-N spells Harrigan. Who wrote the song about this gentleman?





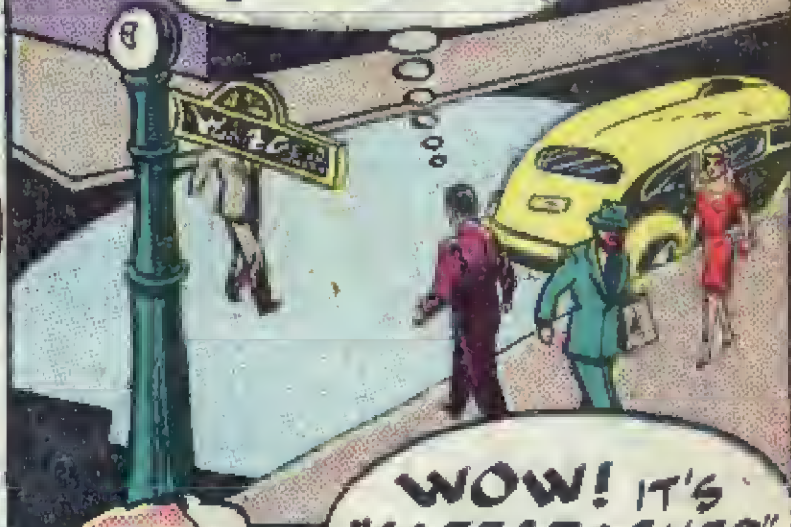
RELAX, GARY! BOB'S A GROWN MAN! HE CAN TAKE CARE O' HIMSELF!

---I HOPE!

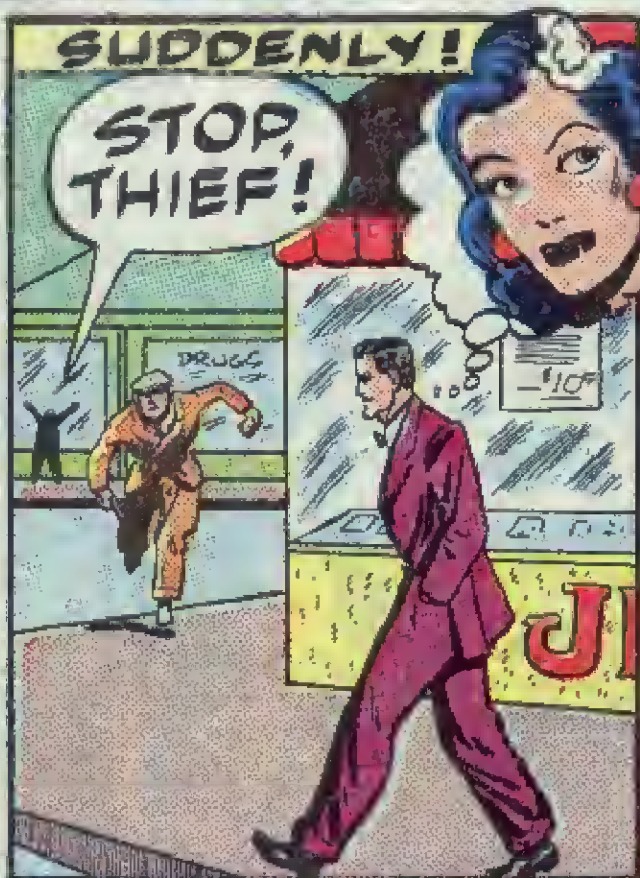


DOWN IN THE STREETS BOB GOES IN SEARCH OF SIGHTS, IN AN EFFORT TO FORGET PANAMA....

AH! THE BIGGEST CITY OF THEM ALL! SOMETHING'S ALWAYS GOING ON HERE!



WOW! IT'S "SAFECRACKER" GOOKY!



BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!



MEANWHILE, AT THE ORNATE HOME OF PANAMA'S WEALTHY FATHER... CONDON MANOR...

SO, MY PET... HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR HOME?

OOOH! EET EES TOO LOVELY! NEVER HAVE I IMAGINED ANYTHEENG LIKE THEES!

THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT FOR YOU FROM NOW ON, PAN! ALL THIS, AND MORE, IS YOURS!

AH! I AM ONE VEREE LUCKY GIRL, YES?

--ER--YES.. AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT, YOU MUST REALIZE THAT AS MY DAUGHTER AND HEIR-ESS TO MY FORTUNE, YOU HAVE A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY!

OH... I KNOW...

--AND AS MY DAUGHTER, YOU MUST BE CAREFUL IN YOUR CHOICE OF--AH-- YOUNG MEN FRIENDS! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU GO OUT WITH BOYS OF OUR POSITION IN LIFE...

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...

WELL--THAT YOUNG MAN, BOB CARTER!! OF COURSE I'M GRATEFUL TO HIM FOR HELPING YOU... BUT IT'S OBVIOUS HE'S QUITE POOR, AND...

FATHAIRE!

HOW DARE YOU SPEAK THAT WAY ABOUT BOBBEE? WHAT DO I CARE FOR YOUR MONEY? NO GOLD EES AS IMPORTANT TO ME AS BOBBEE'S LEETLE FINGER!

GOOD! GOOD!

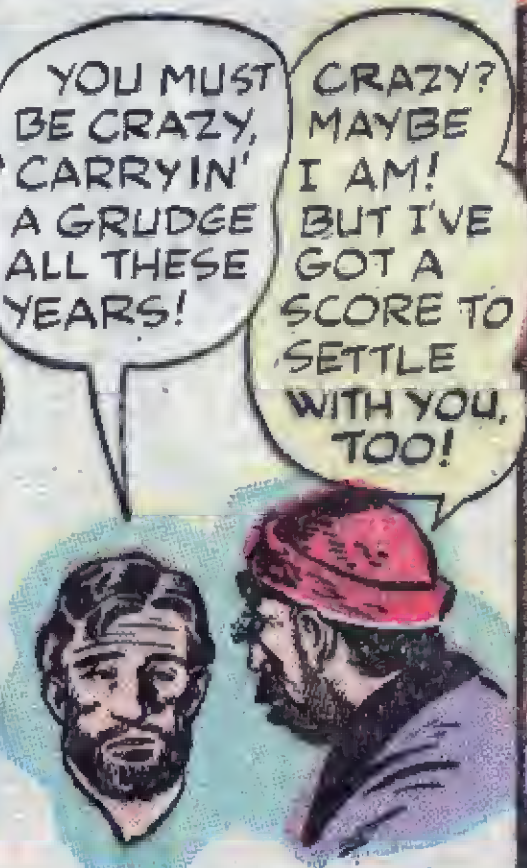
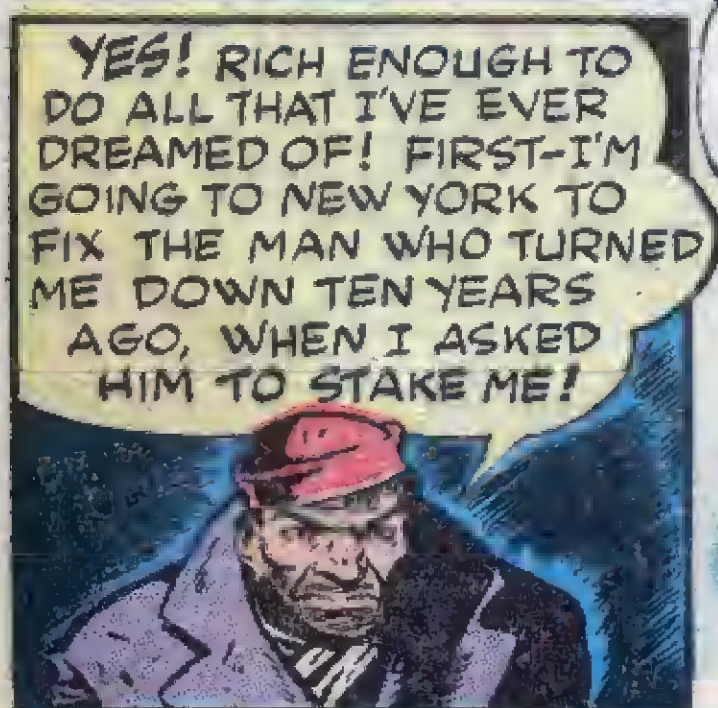
EH? WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF YOU'RE A SNOB, PAN... IF YOU WERE AFFECTED BY THE MONEY! BUT YOU'RE ALL RIGHT... YOU'RE MY DAUGHTER! WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOUR YOUNG MAN!

HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY, IN THE COLDEST NORTH, EVENTS ARE SHAPING THE FUTURE DESTINY OF GARY AND HIS FRIENDS...

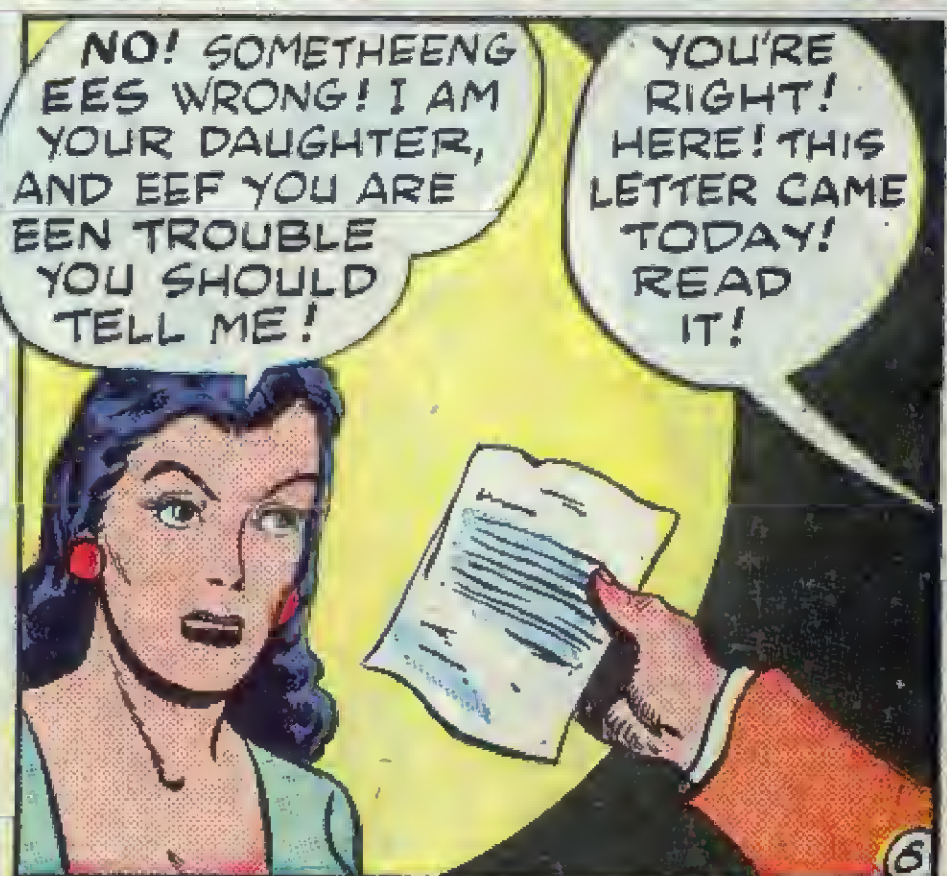
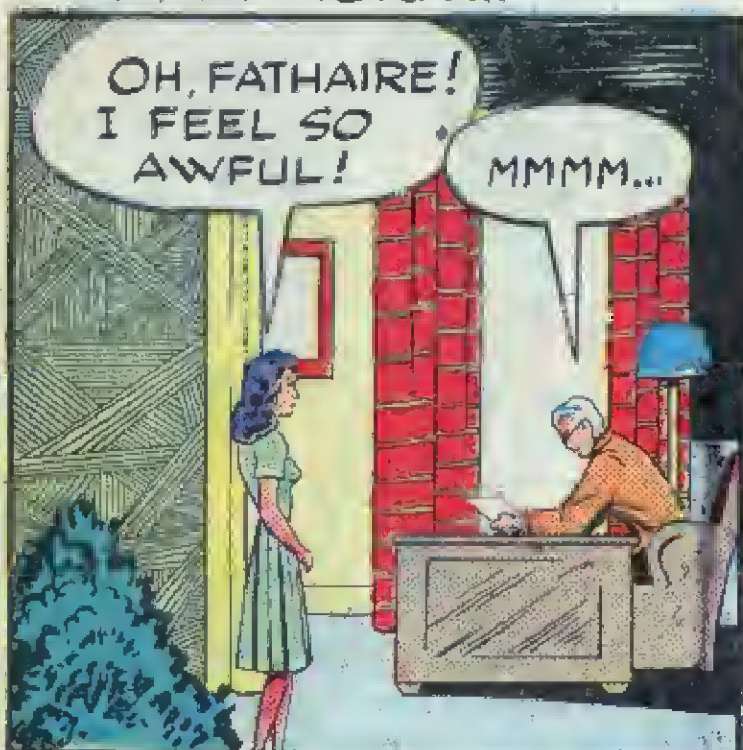


A LONE FIGURE MAKES ITS WAY ACROSS THE SNOWS...

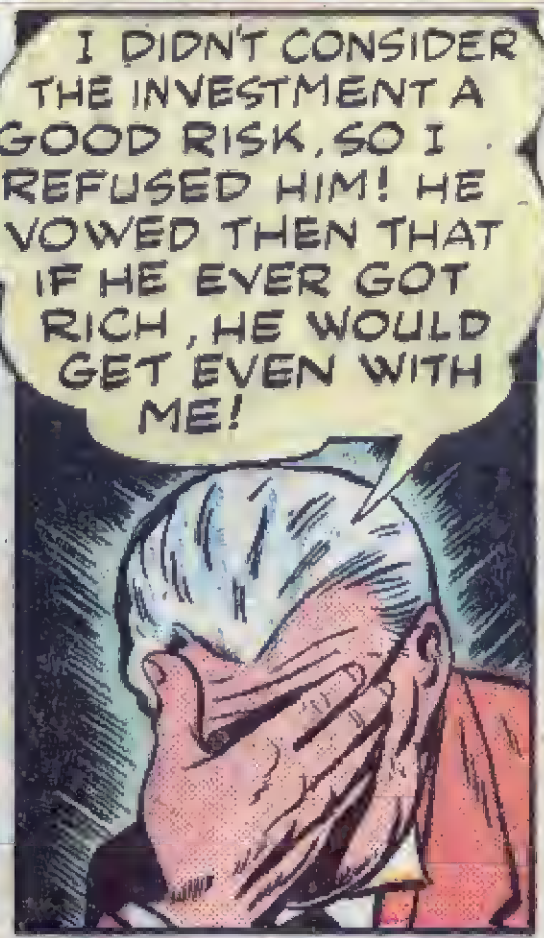


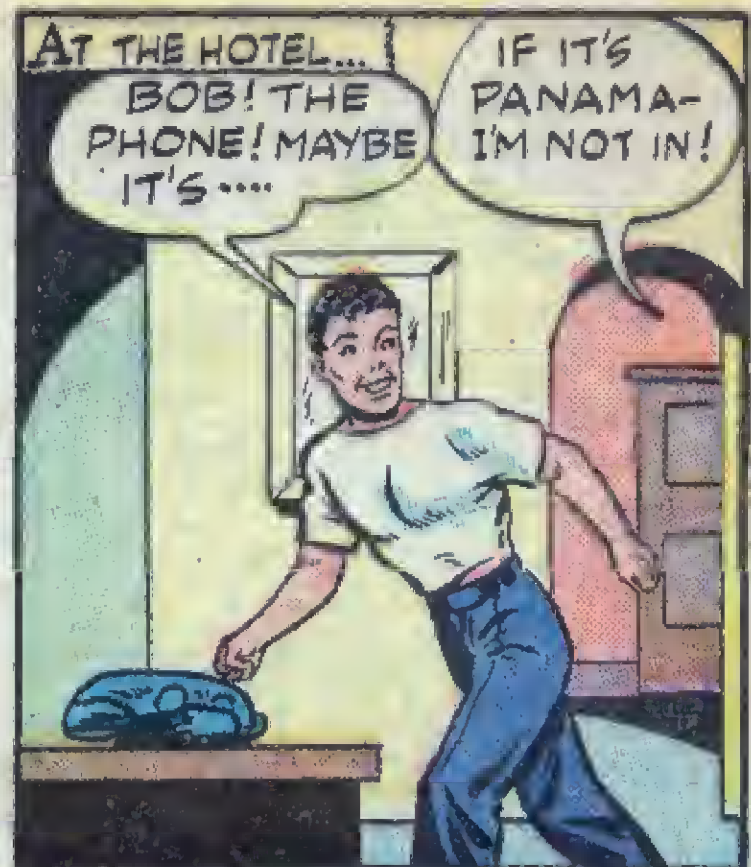


A FEW WEEKS LATER, IN NEW YORK...



*Condon:
The time for reckoning is here.
Now, at last, you are going to
pay for what you did ten years
ago. I have already settled with
Shaw. You are next.
Remember?*





CONTINUED in the NEXT ISSUE!

TARGETTOONS

WHAT KIND OF
FRUIT IS FOUND
ON A PENNY?

ER-A
DATE!

IF YOU'RE SO SMART-
WHAT IS IT THAT WHEN
IT LOSES ITS EYE, IT
HAS ONLY A NOSE LEFT?

THAT'S EASY!
THE WORD NOISE!!

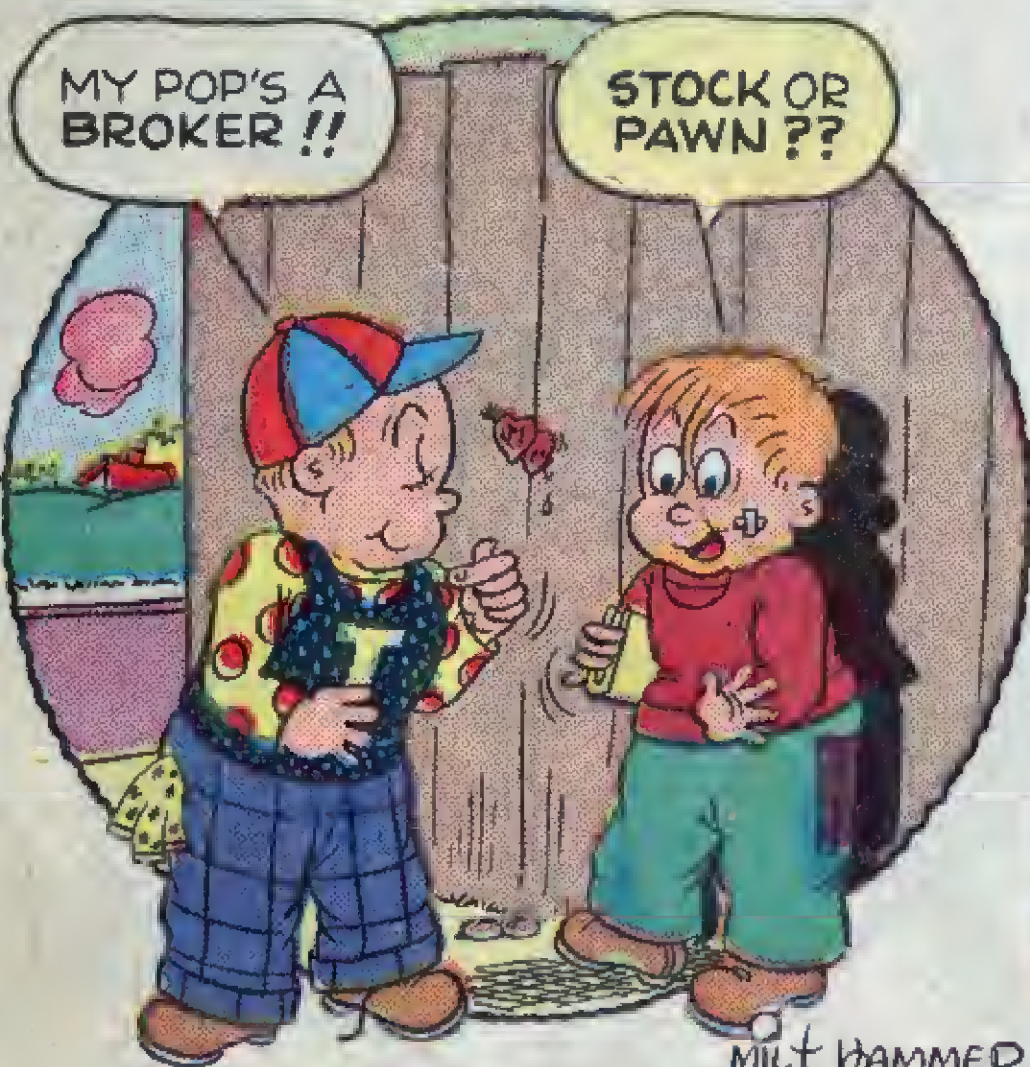


MY POP'S A
BROKER !!

STOCK OR
PAWN ??

WHAT DO YOU MEAN NO ONE
STOOD IN YOUR BROTHER'S
WAY WHEN HE WAS IN THE
ARMY - WAS HE
A GENERAL ??

NAW - JUST A
TANK DRIVER !!



MILT BAMMER

TARGET COMICS

The TARGET

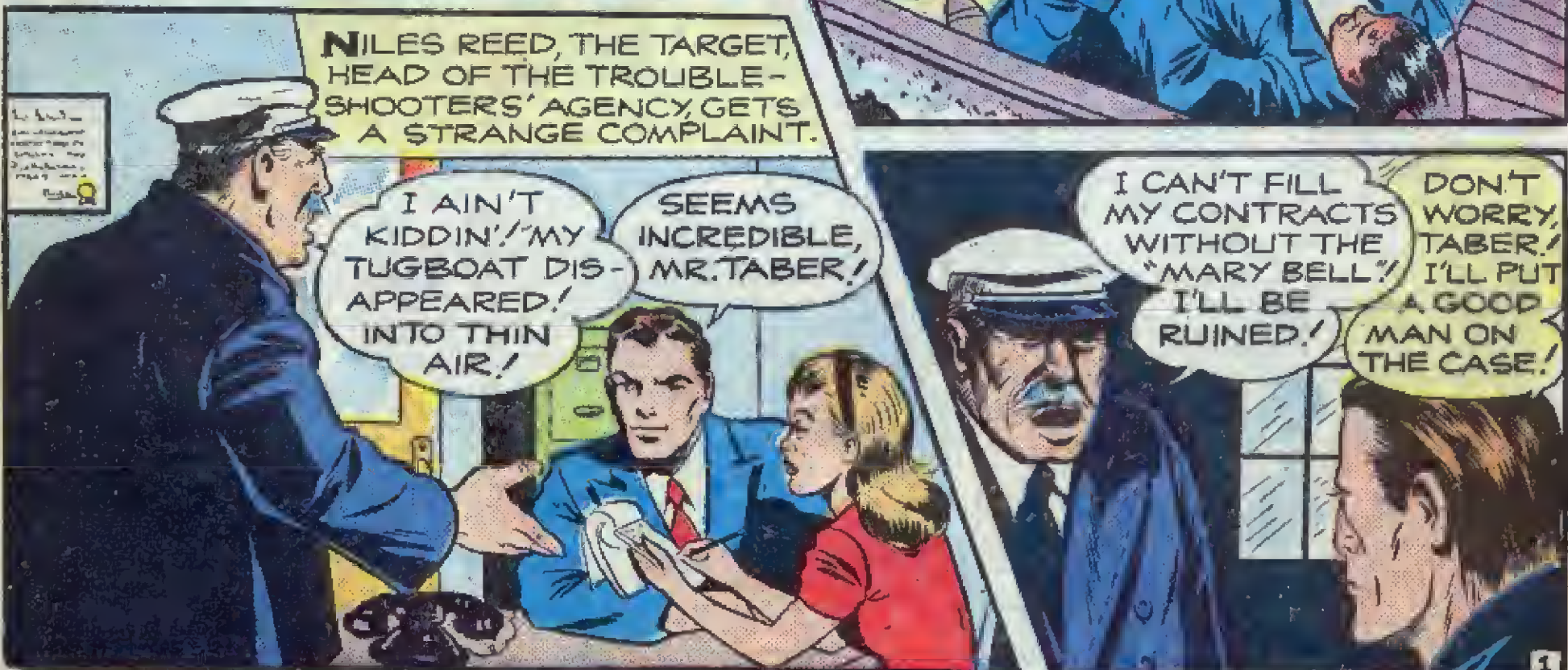
and the

TARGETEERS

THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS CHURN THE SEA WITH THE FURY OF THEIR ATTACK ON THE CRAFTY CROOK WHOSE LUST FOR MONEY THREATENS A DOZEN MEN WITH DEATH!



NILES REED, THE TARGET, HEAD OF THE TROUBLE-SHOOTERS' AGENCY, GETS A STRANGE COMPLAINT.

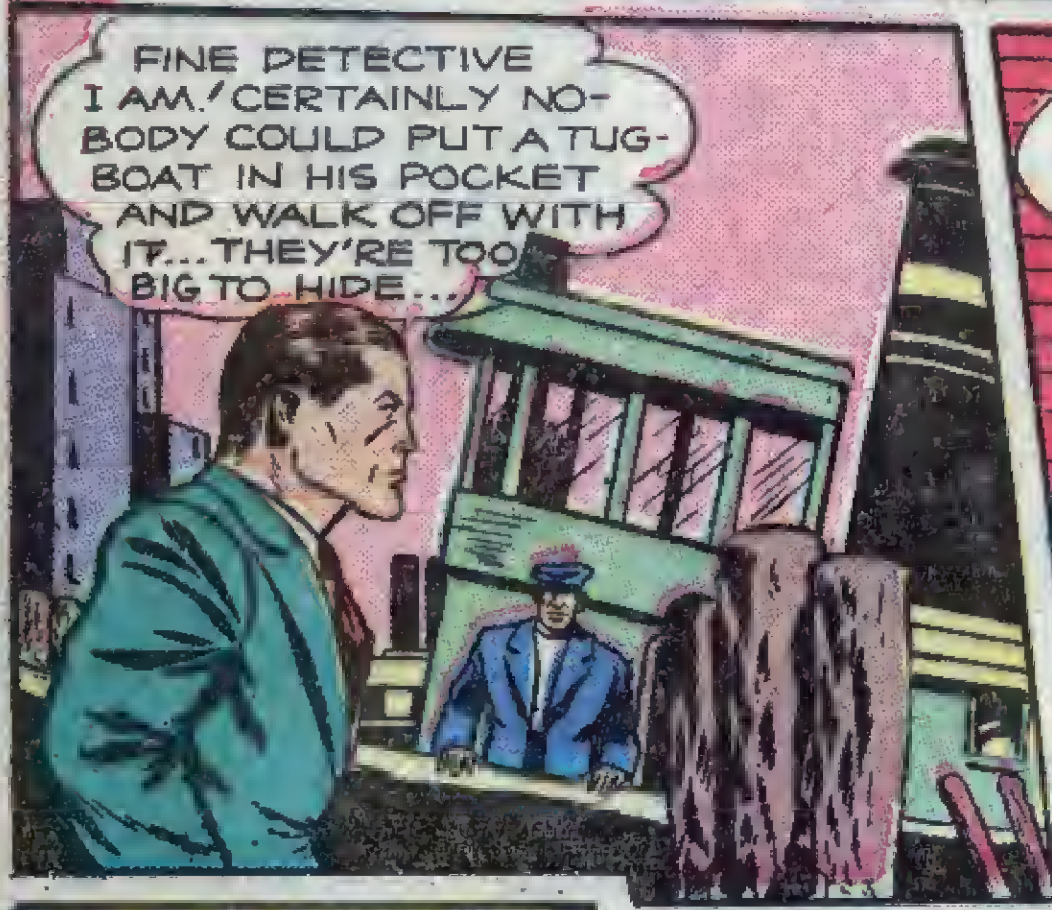


I AIN'T KIDDIN'! MY TUGBOAT DIS-APPEARED! INTO THIN AIR!

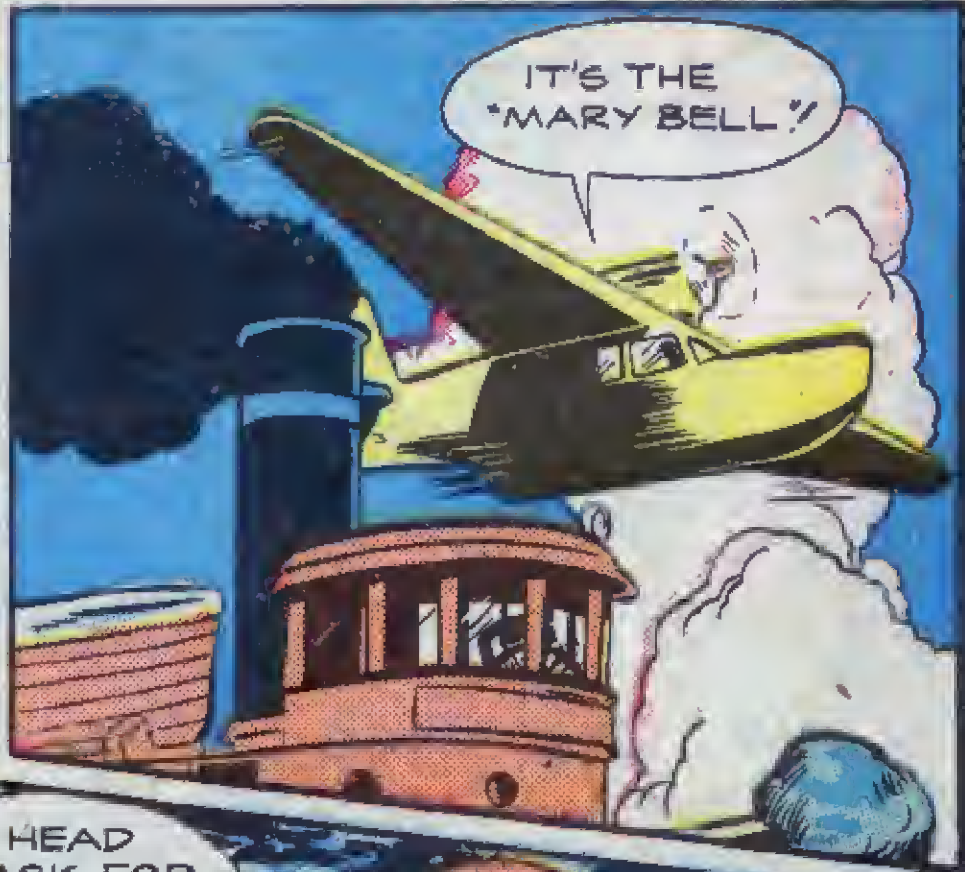
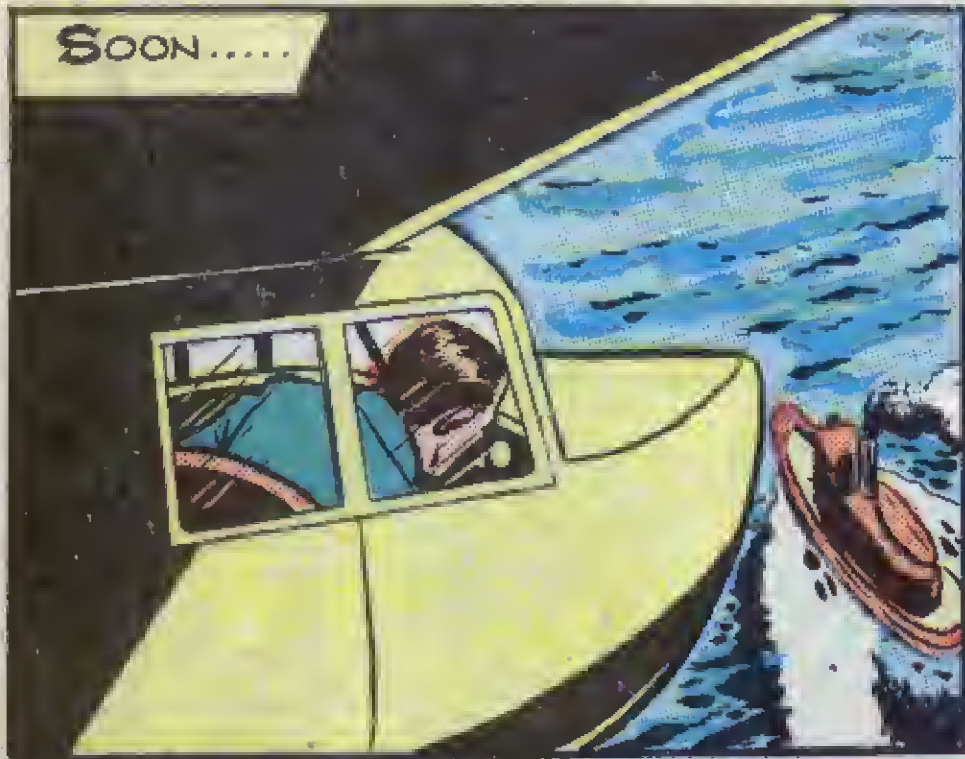
SEEMS INCREDIBLE, MR. TABER!

I CAN'T FILL MY CONTRACTS WITHOUT THE "MARY BELL"! I'LL BE RUINED!

DON'T WORRY, TABER! I'LL PUT A GOOD MAN ON THE CASE!

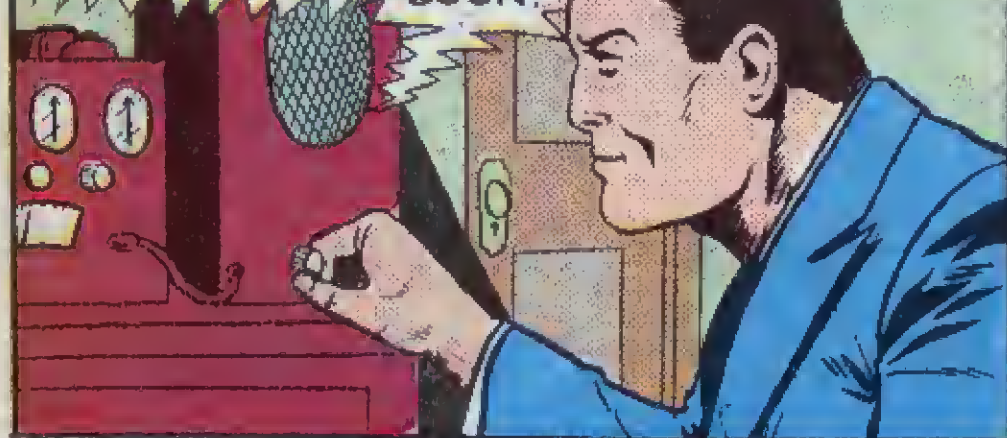


SOON.....



BACK IN THE OFFICE, NILES RECEIVES A HASTY RADIO MESSAGE.

WRITE ME A BONUS, NILES!
I'M ABOUT TO LAND AND
TAKE OVER THE RUN-
AWAY TUG. SEE YOU
SOON!



HEAD
BACK FOR
PORT, YOU
NAUGHTY BOYS,
OR POPPA
SPANK!

YA GOT
US, AWRIGHT
HAVE A
HAND!



SUDDENLY...

AND HAVE
ANOTHER!



HUH! DAT
LITTLE CHICK
WON'T PEEP
FOR QUITE
AWHILE. ^

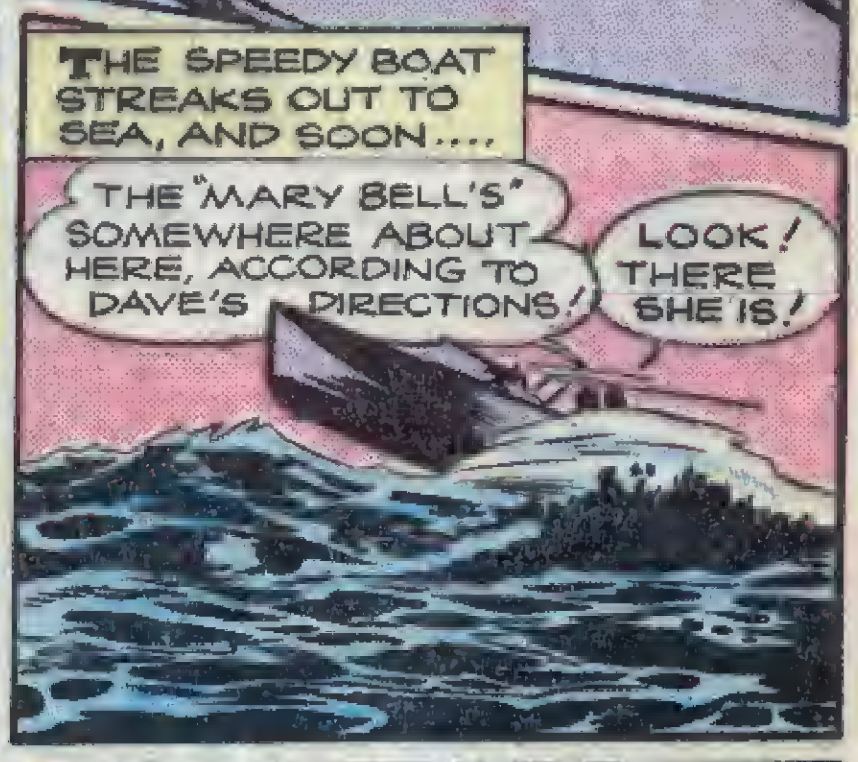
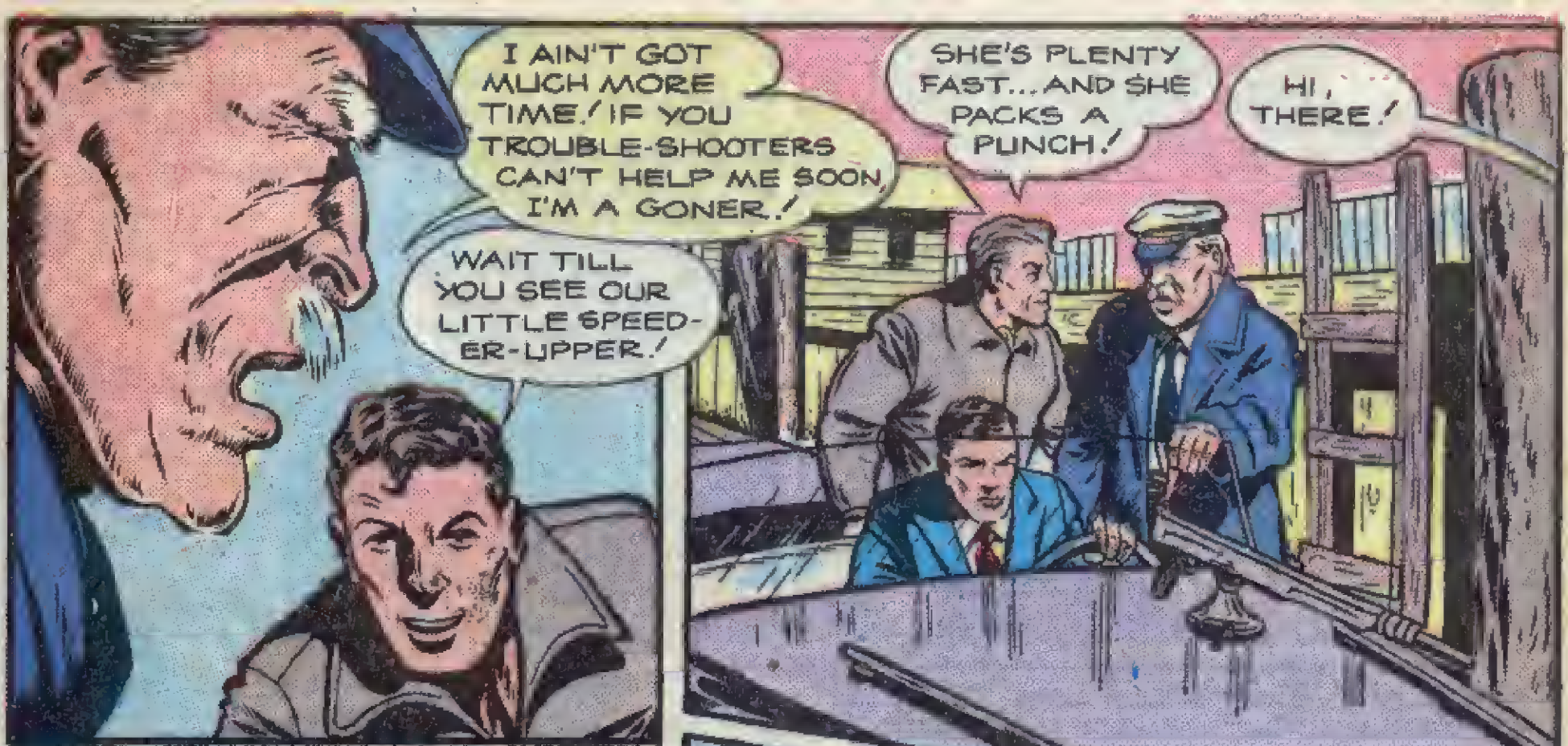


LATER....

HUMPH!
WELL!
WHERE'S
MY TUG?

GOSH! DAVE
SHOULD HAVE
BEEN HERE
LONG AGO. WE
BETTER GO
AFTER
HIM!









WE WAS HIRED TO STEAL THE TUG/WITH-
OUT THE TUG, TABER
LOSES HIS HAULING
CONTRACT...AND
OUR BOSS GETS IT!

WHO'S
YOUR
BOSS?



THERE
HE IS!
RALPH
DUBLIN!

GREAT
SCOTT!



TRUE! BUT I
AIN'T WORRIED!
WHEN I'M THROUGH
WORKIN' THIS TRIG-
GER, ALL THE EV-
IDENCE AGAINST
ME WILL BE AT
THE BOTTOM!



NILES HASTILY PULLS THE
LEVER, FULL SPEED AHEAD!

NOT IF
I CAN
HELP
IT!



CRASH!

RAT-TAT-
TAT-

RAT-TAT-
TAT-

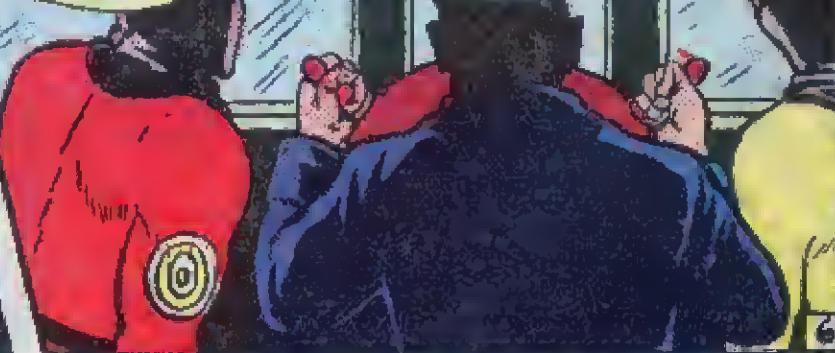


YOU'RE THROUGH
TROUBLIN,
DUBLIN!

BLAST YOU TARGET-
EERS! I HAD A
PERFECT
PLAN!

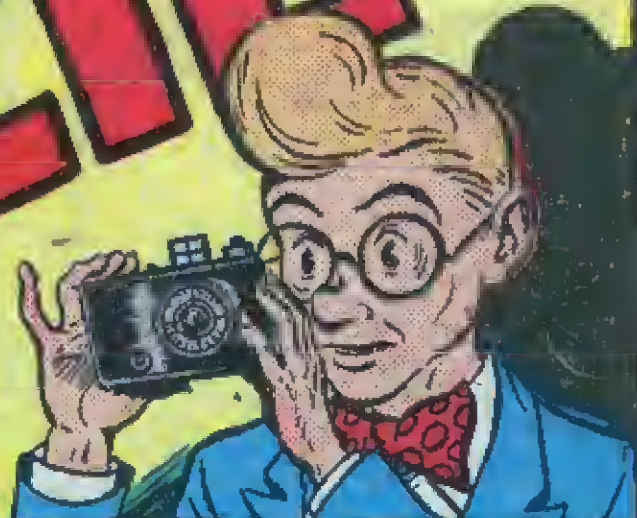
LATER...
THERE
GOES DAVE!
NEXT TIME
MAYBE HE'LL
WAIT FOR US
BEFORE HE
STARTS THE
FUN!

YOU TARGETEERS
HAVE A QUEER IDEA
OF FUN...BUT YOU
SAVED MY BUSINESS
....SO MORE POWER
TO YOU!



CANDID CHARLIE

DRAWN BY BOB Q. SIEGE



NO, YOUNG MAN!
THIS INSTRUMENT
IS TOO COSTLY FOR
A BOY YOUR AGE!

GEE, MR. TWINKLE,
CAMERAS ARE MY
SPECIALTY! I'LL TAKE
GOOD CARE OF IT!

HO-HUM!
I'D SETTLE
FOR A PIECE
OF CHAWKLIT
CAKE!

CHARLIE
TRIES TO
BORROW MR.
TWINKLE'S MOTION
PICTURE CAMERA
BUT RUNS
INTO REEL
TROUBLE!

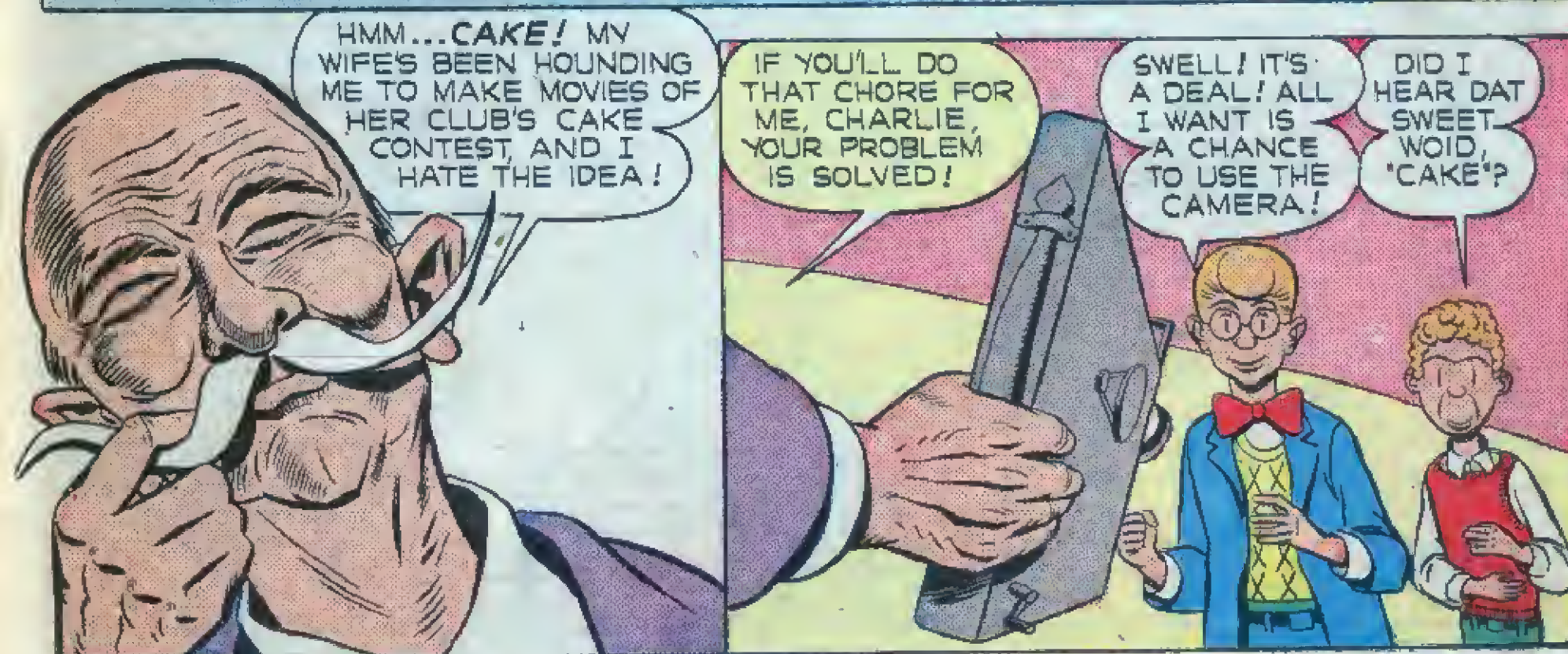


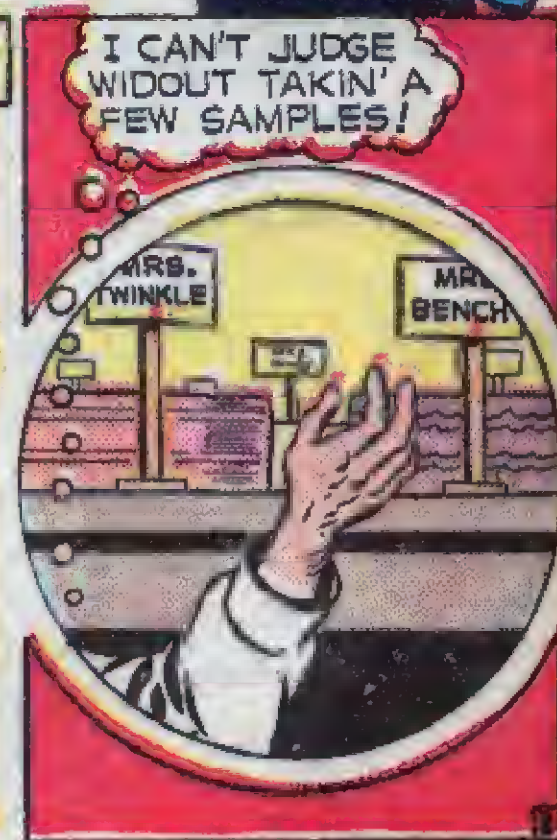
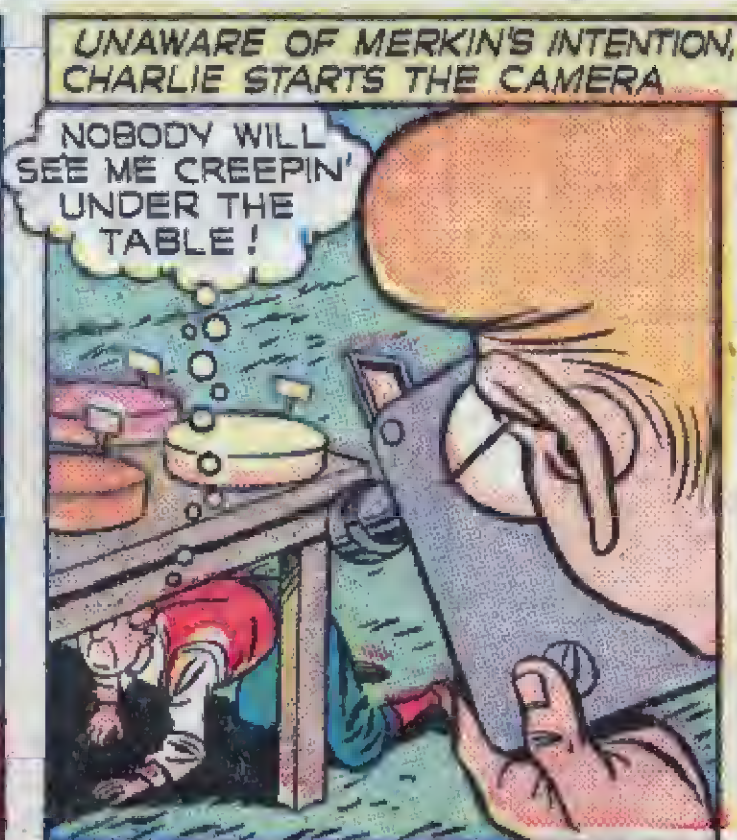
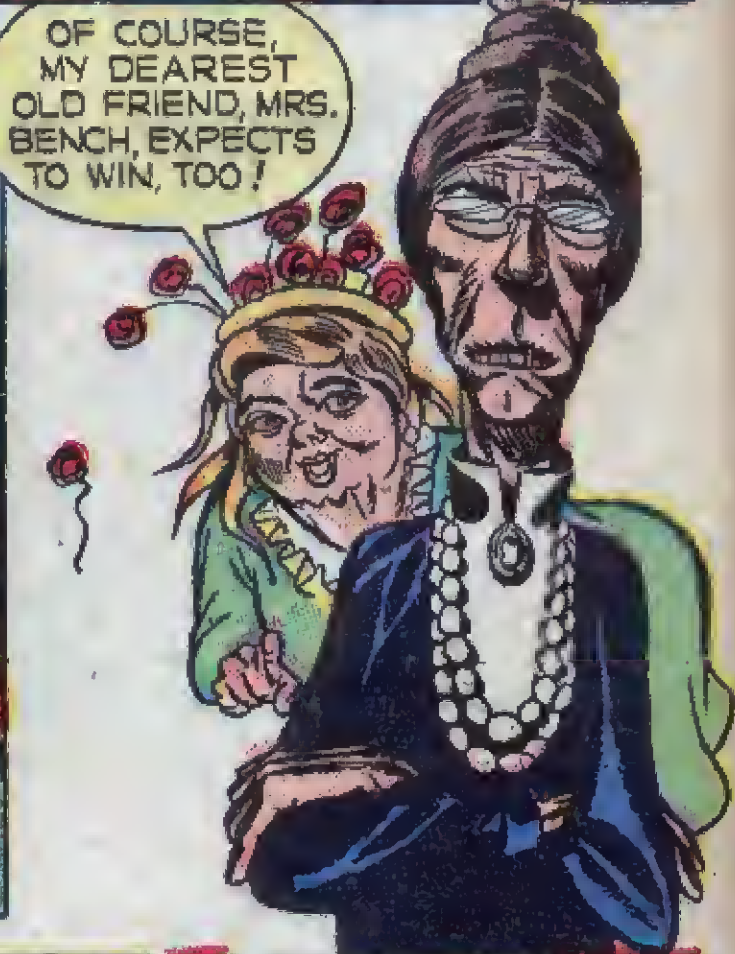
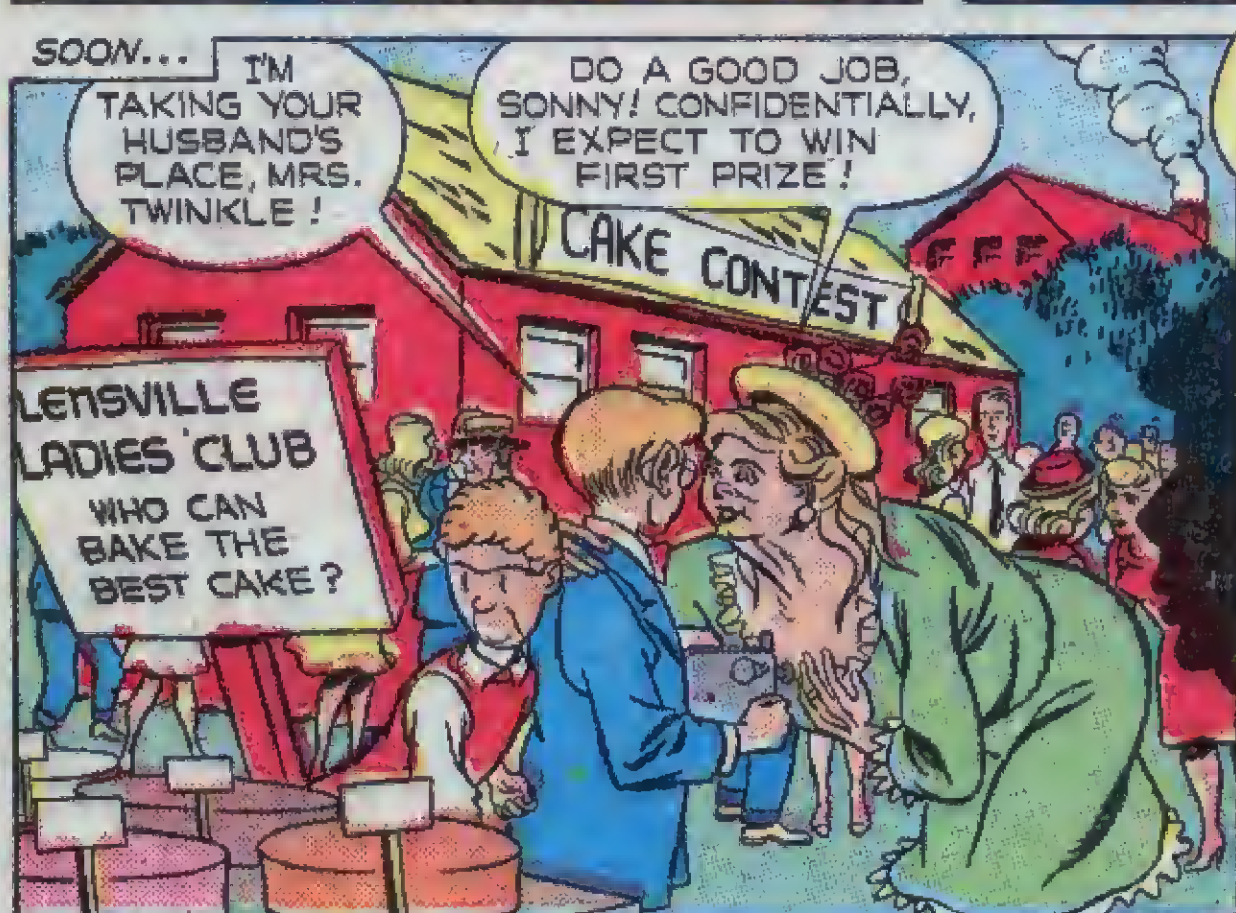
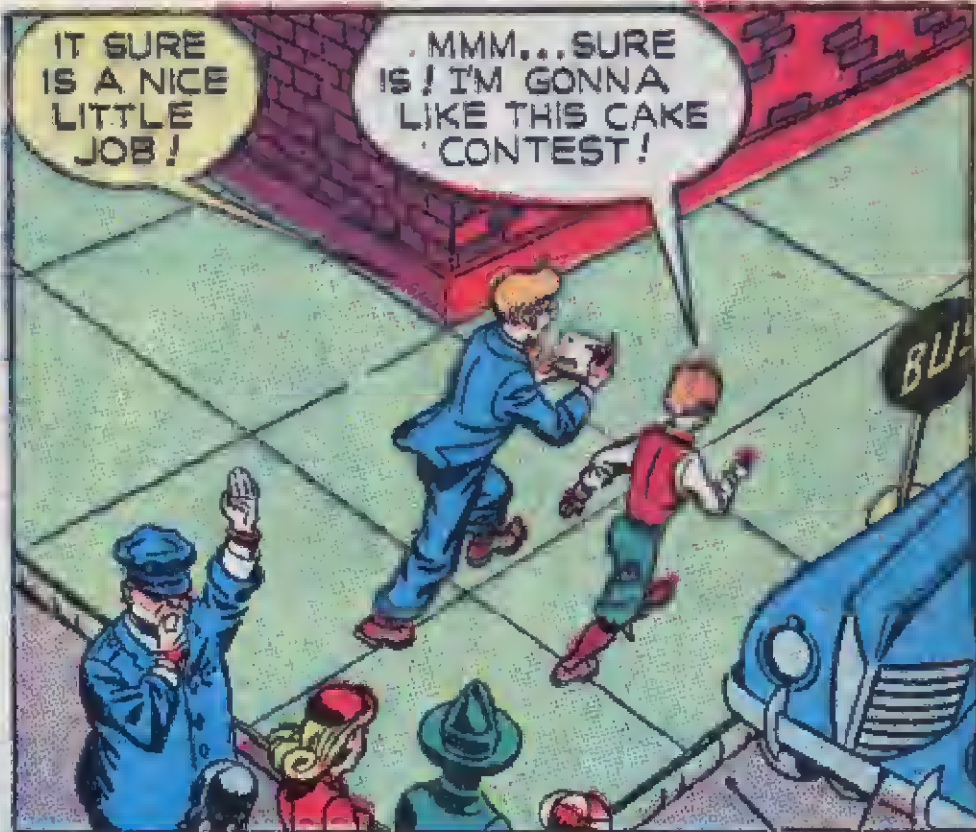
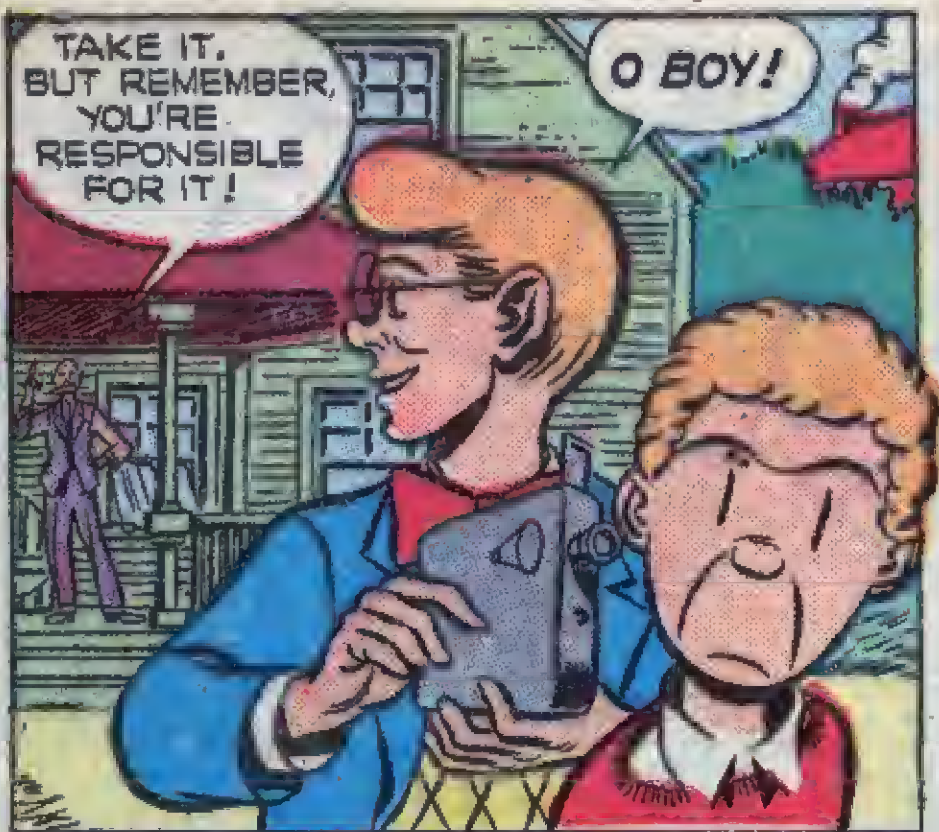
HMM...CAKE! MY
WIFE'S BEEN HOUNDING
ME TO MAKE MOVIES OF
HER CLUB'S CAKE
CONTEST, AND I
HATE THE IDEA!

IF YOU'LL DO
THAT CHORE FOR
ME, CHARLIE,
YOUR PROBLEM
IS SOLVED!

SWELL! IT'S
A DEAL! ALL
I WANT IS
A CHANCE
TO USE THE
CAMERA!

DID I
HEAR DAT
SWEET-
WOID,
'CAKE'?





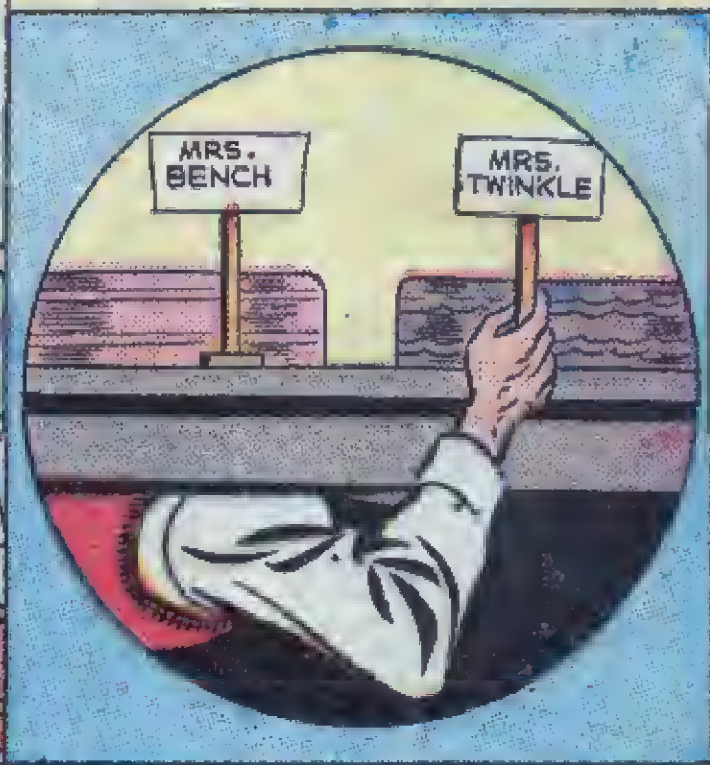
GROPING BLINDLY, MERKIN KNOCKS DOWN THE NAME CARDS.



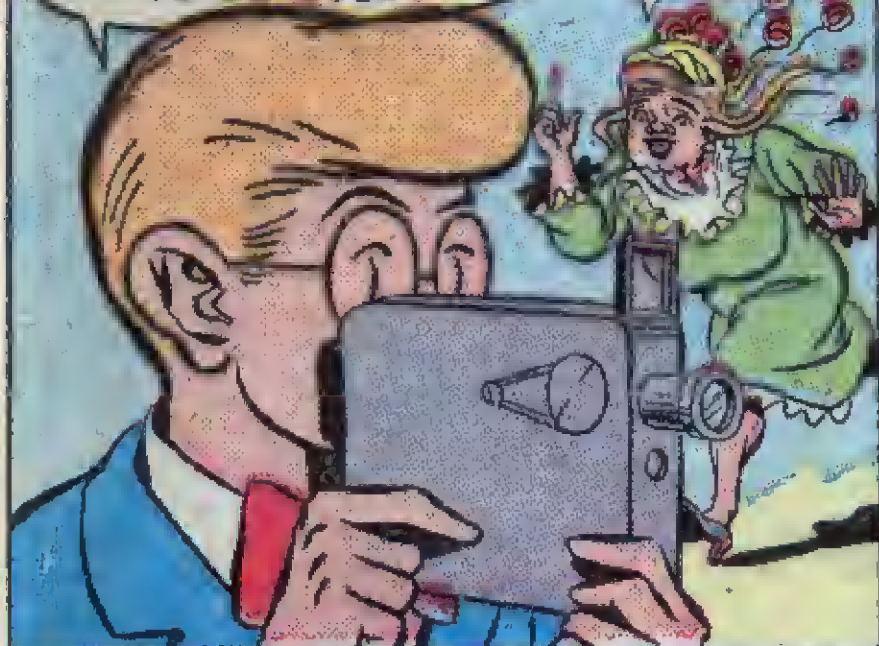
OOPS! I BETTER PUT DEM NAME CARDS BACK!



MERKIN REPLACES THE CARDS... IN FRONT OF THE WRONG CAKES!

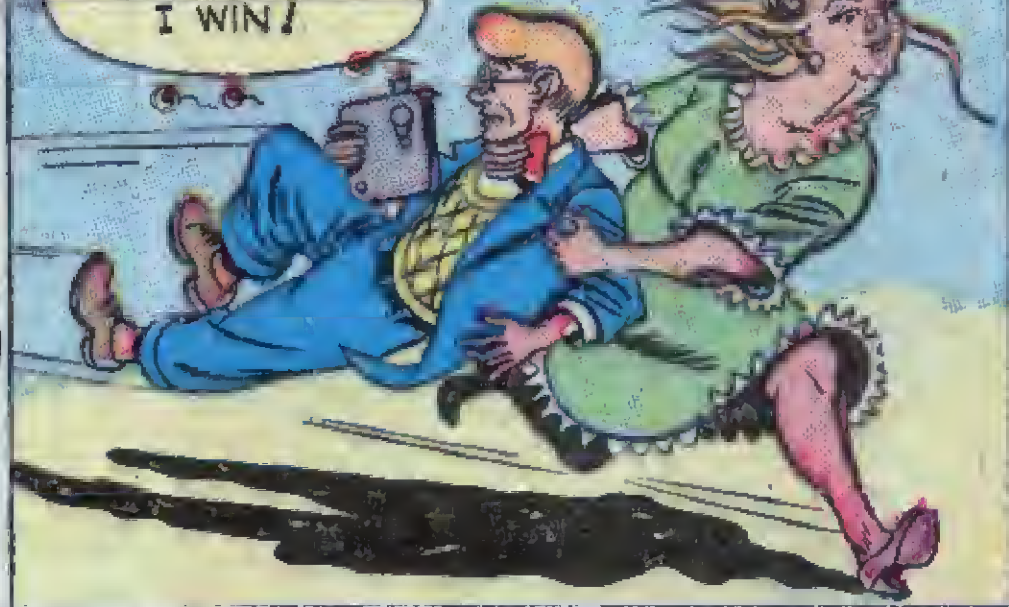


MEANWHILE... THE CAMERA WORKS SWELL! THESE SHOTS OUGHT TO BE GOOD!



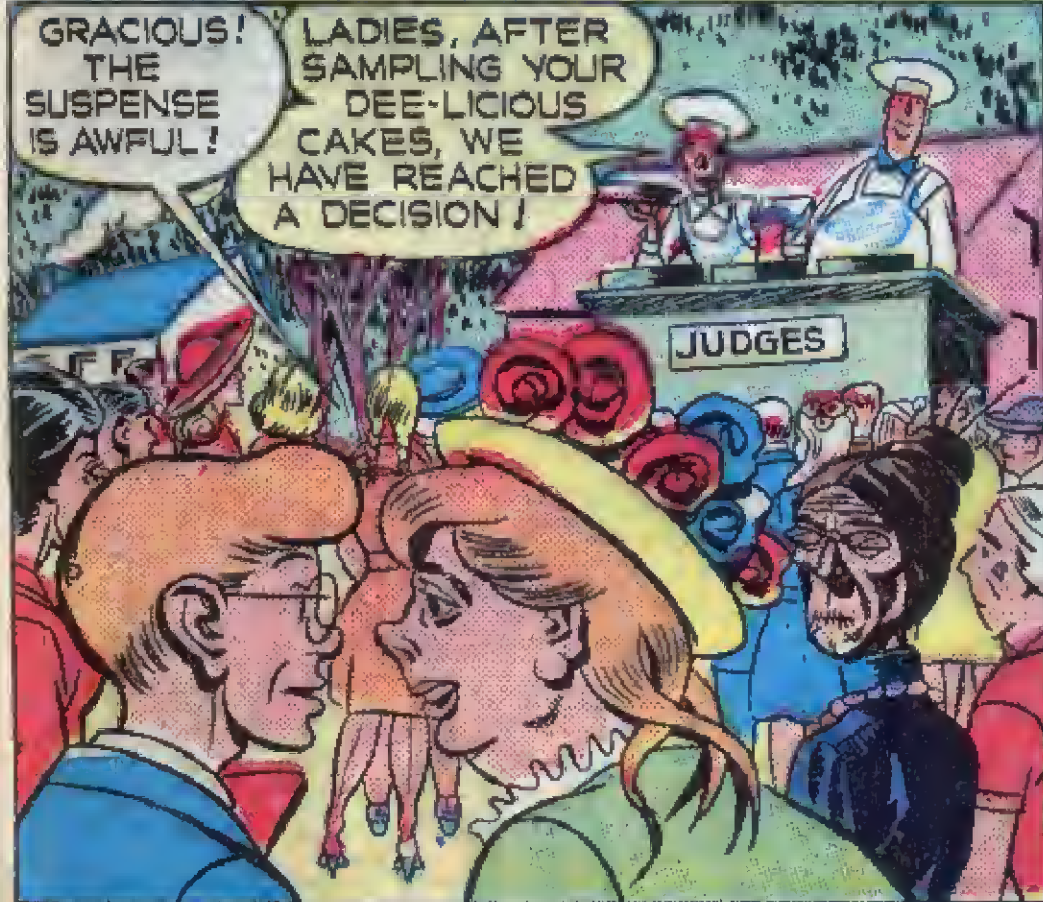
YOO-HOO, CAMERA BOY!

THE JUDGES ARE ABOUT TO ANNOUNCE THE PRIZES! YOU MUST FILM THE AWARDS! OH DEAR, I HOPE I WIN!



GRACIOUS! THE SUSPENSE IS AWFUL!

LADIES, AFTER SAMPLING YOUR DEE-LICIOUS CAKES, WE HAVE REACHED A DECISION!



FIRST PRIZE GOES TO MRS. BENCH!

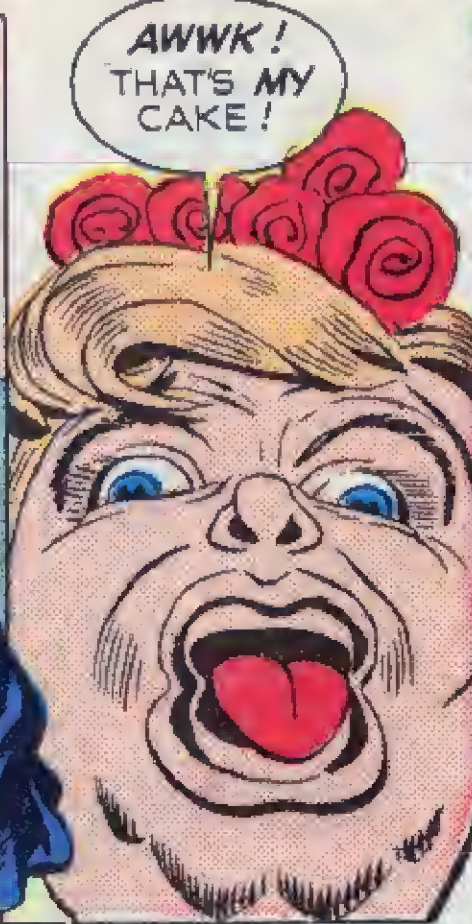
OH! I DIDN'T WIN!





YES, MA'AM, I MUST SAY-THIS IS THE BEST GOSH-DARNED CAKE I EVER TASTED!

TEE-HEE! IT'S A GREAT HONOR!



AWWK! THAT'S MY CAKE!



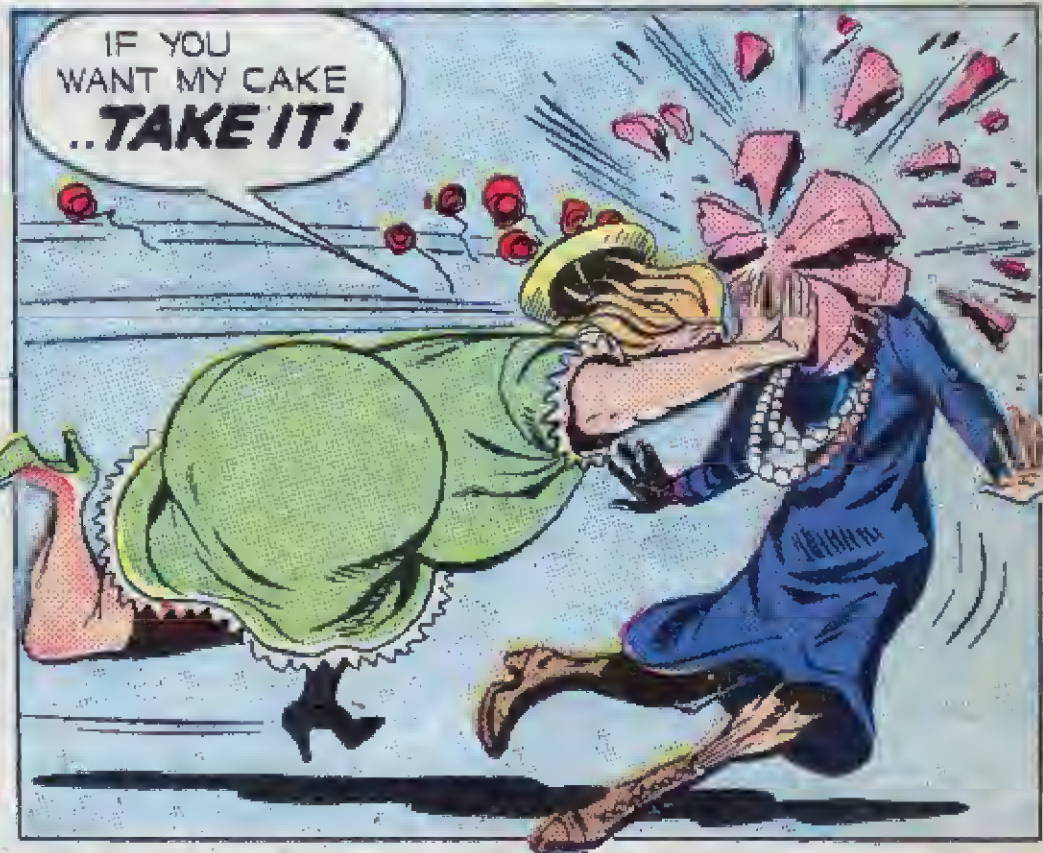
MRS. BENCH..MY OLDEST FRIEND..HOW COULD YOU BE SUCH A CHEAT? HOW DARE YOU USE MY CAKE!

GOLLY! MAYBE WE'LL SEE SOME ACTION!

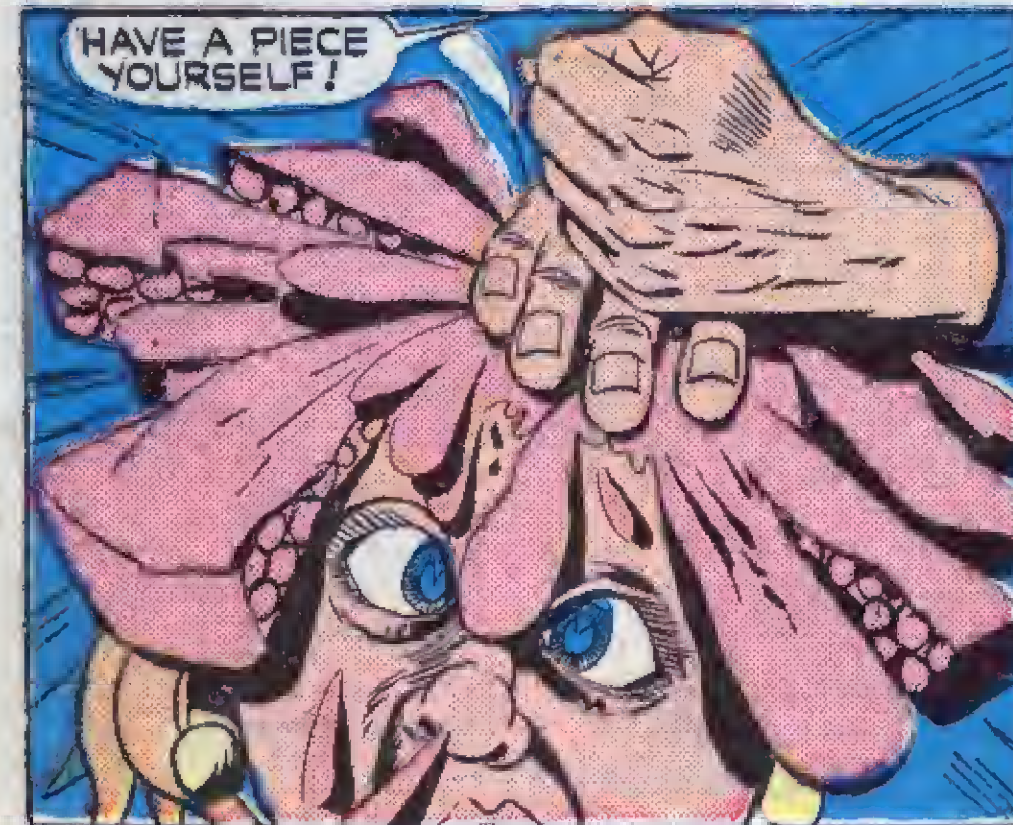


THE IDEA! CALLING ME A CHEAT! I WOULDN'T DREAM OF CLAIMING ONE OF YOUR CRUMBY OLD CAKES AS MINE!

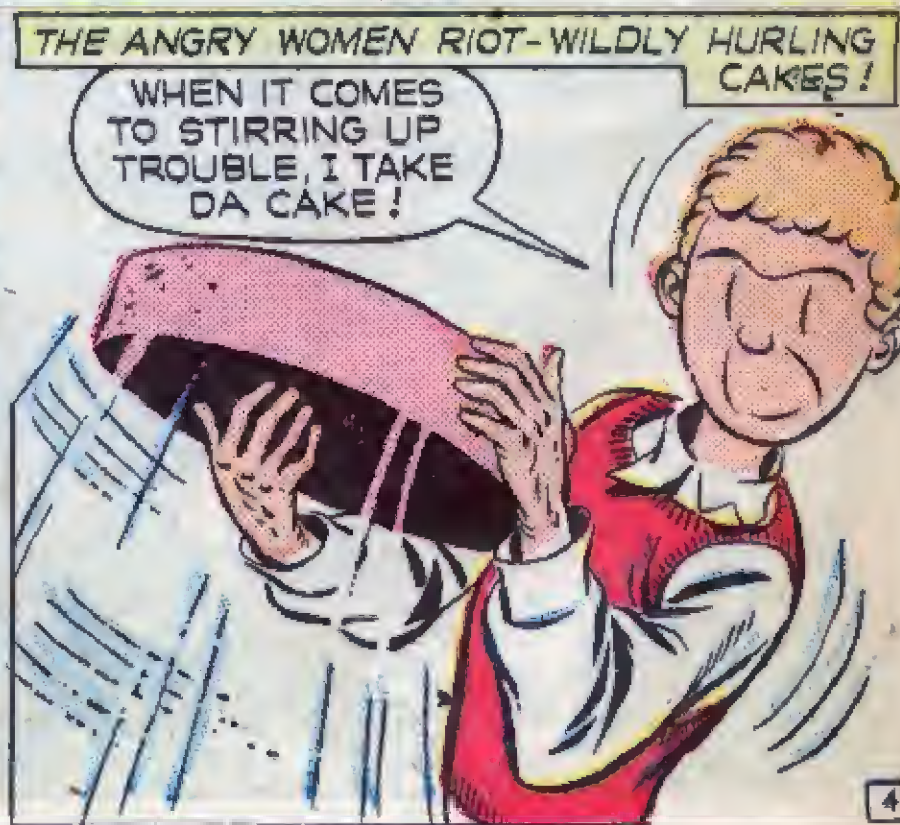
YOU BRAZEN HUSSY! NOW I SEE YOUR REAL CHARACTER!



IF YOU WANT MY CAKE ..**TAKE IT!**

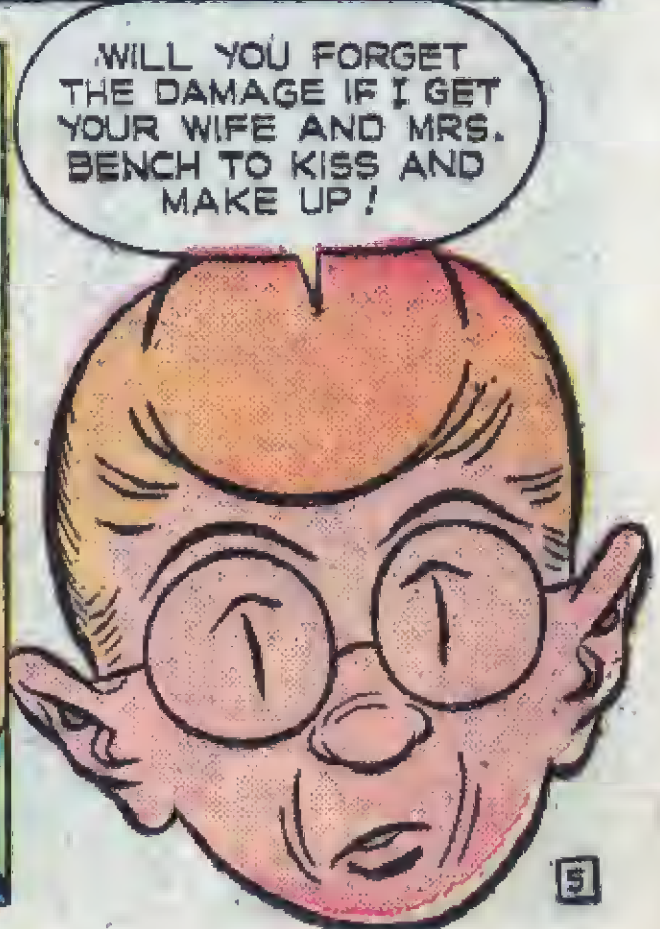
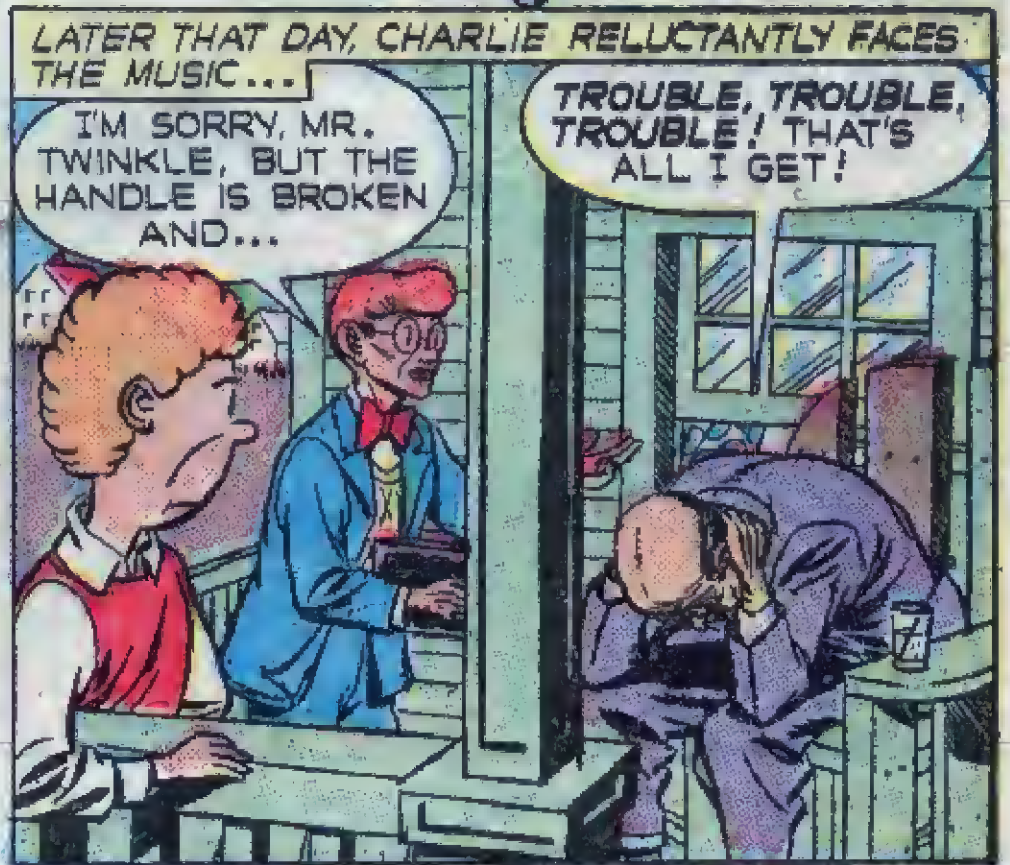
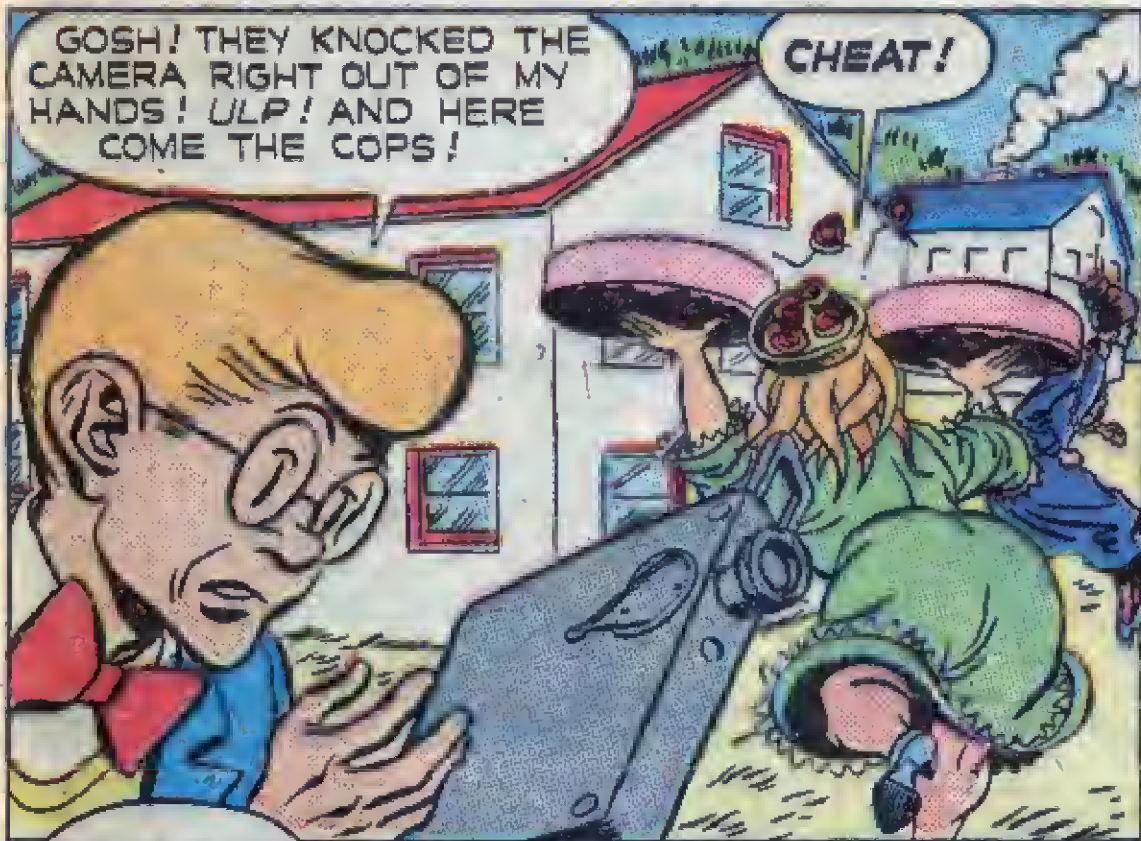


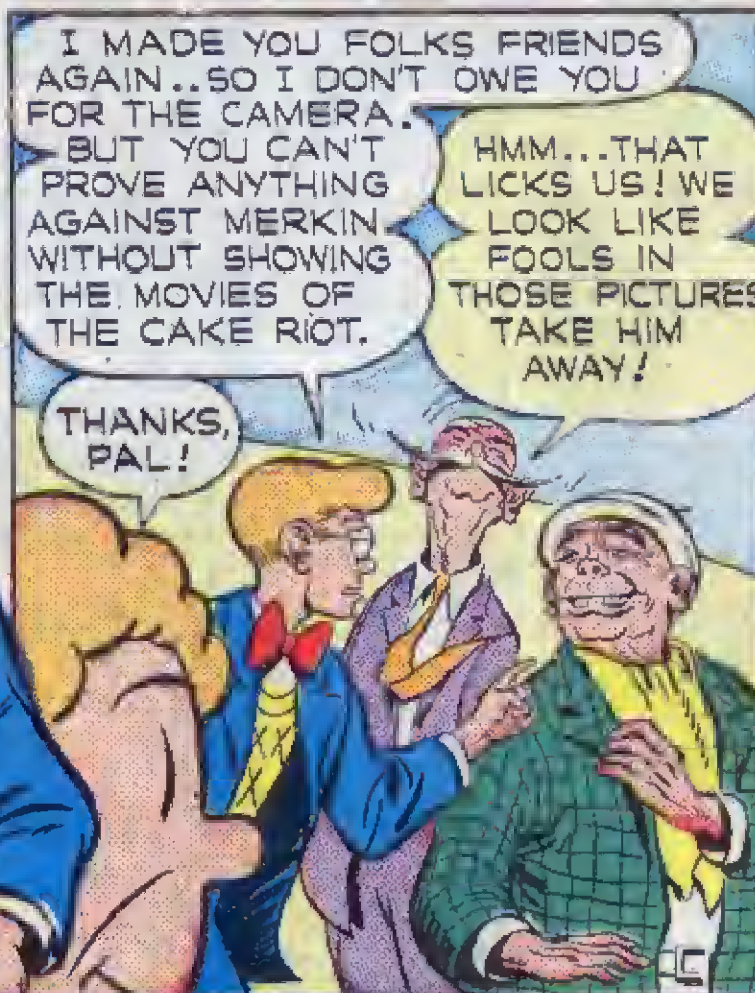
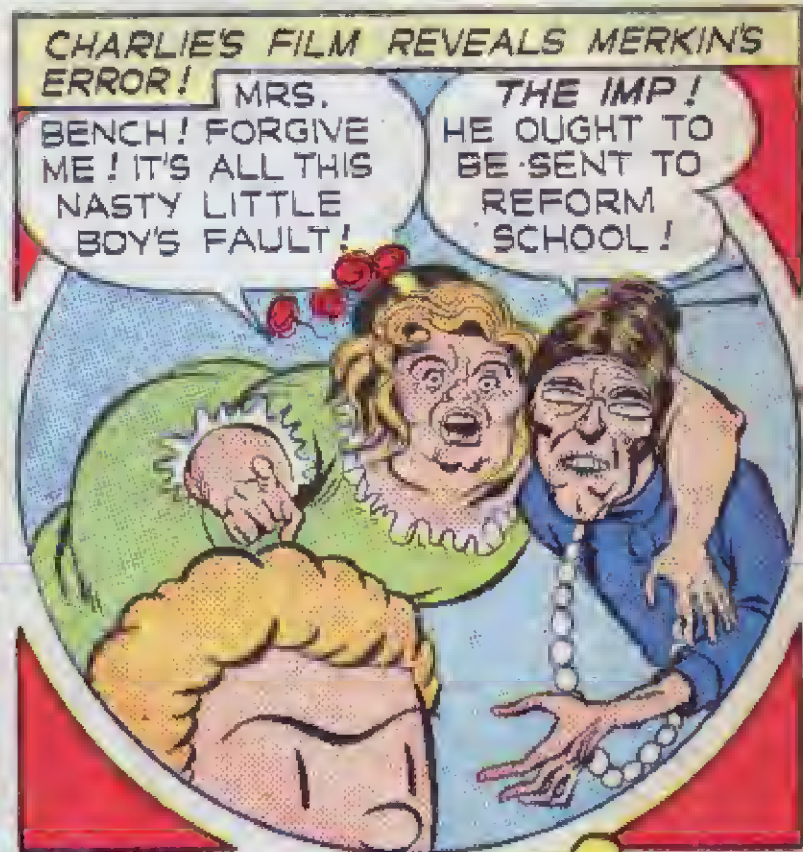
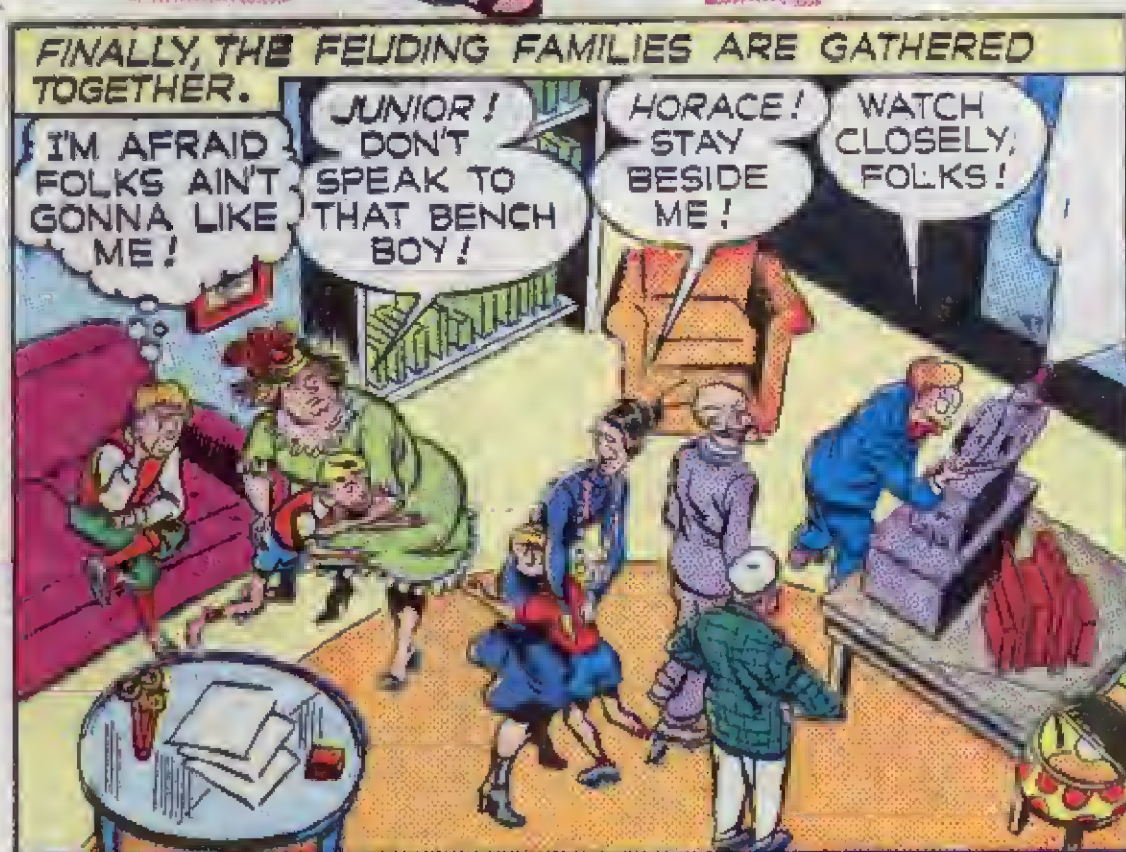
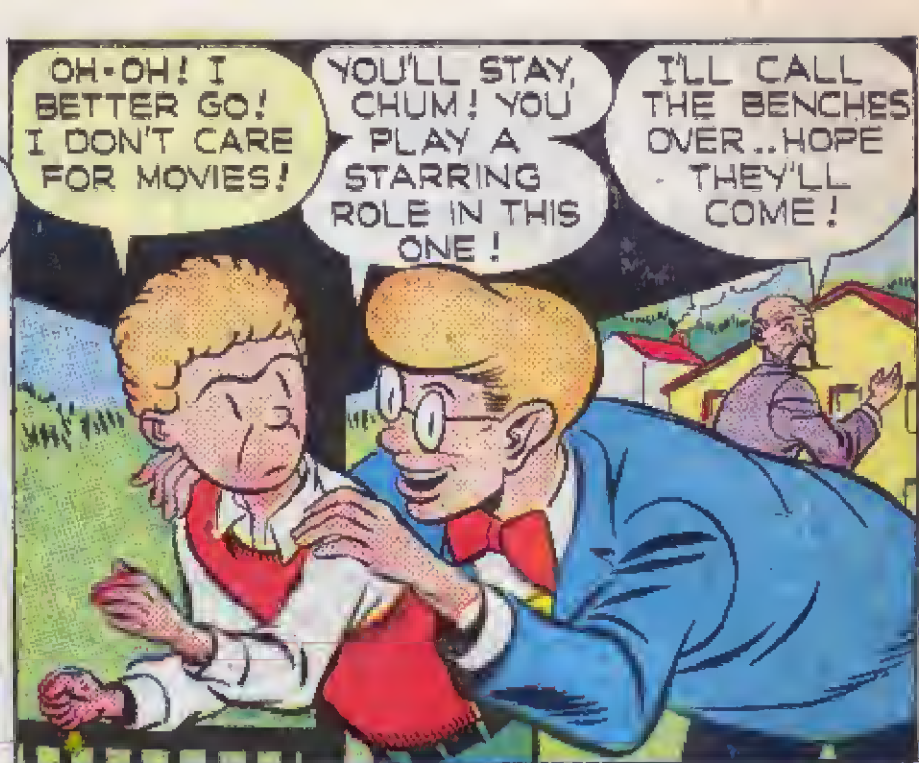
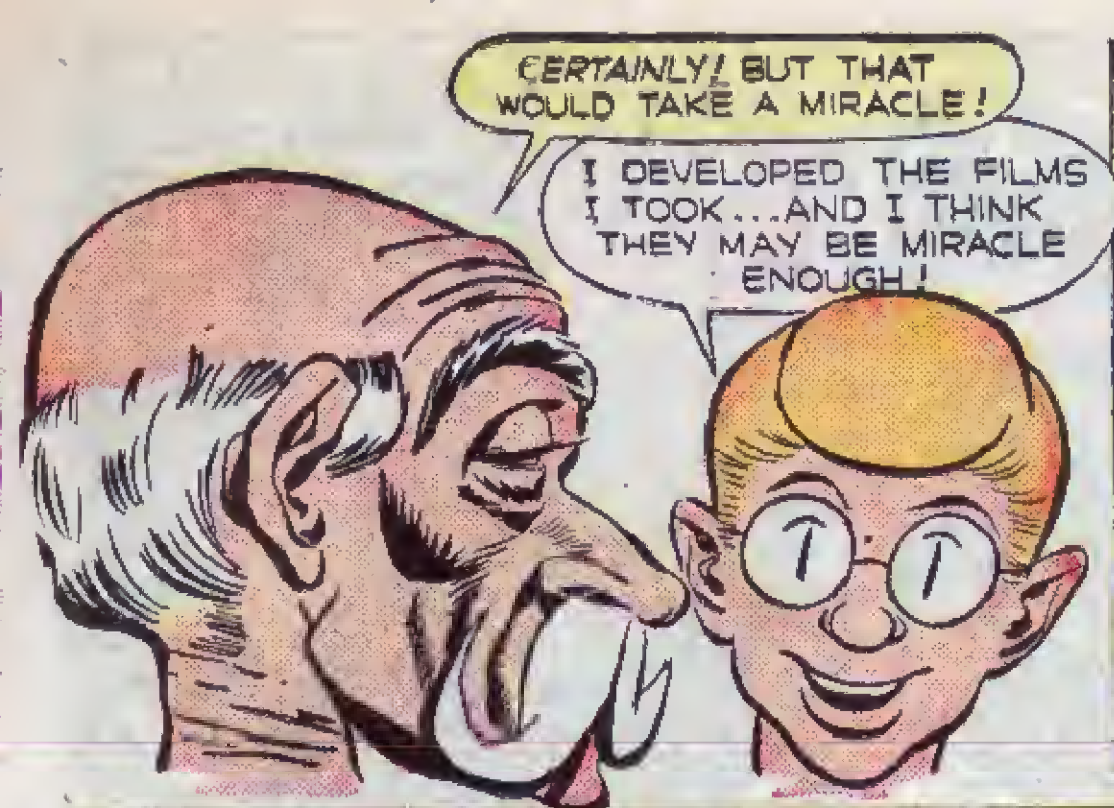
HAVE A PIECE YOURSELF!



THE ANGRY WOMEN RIOT-WILDLY HURLING CAKES!

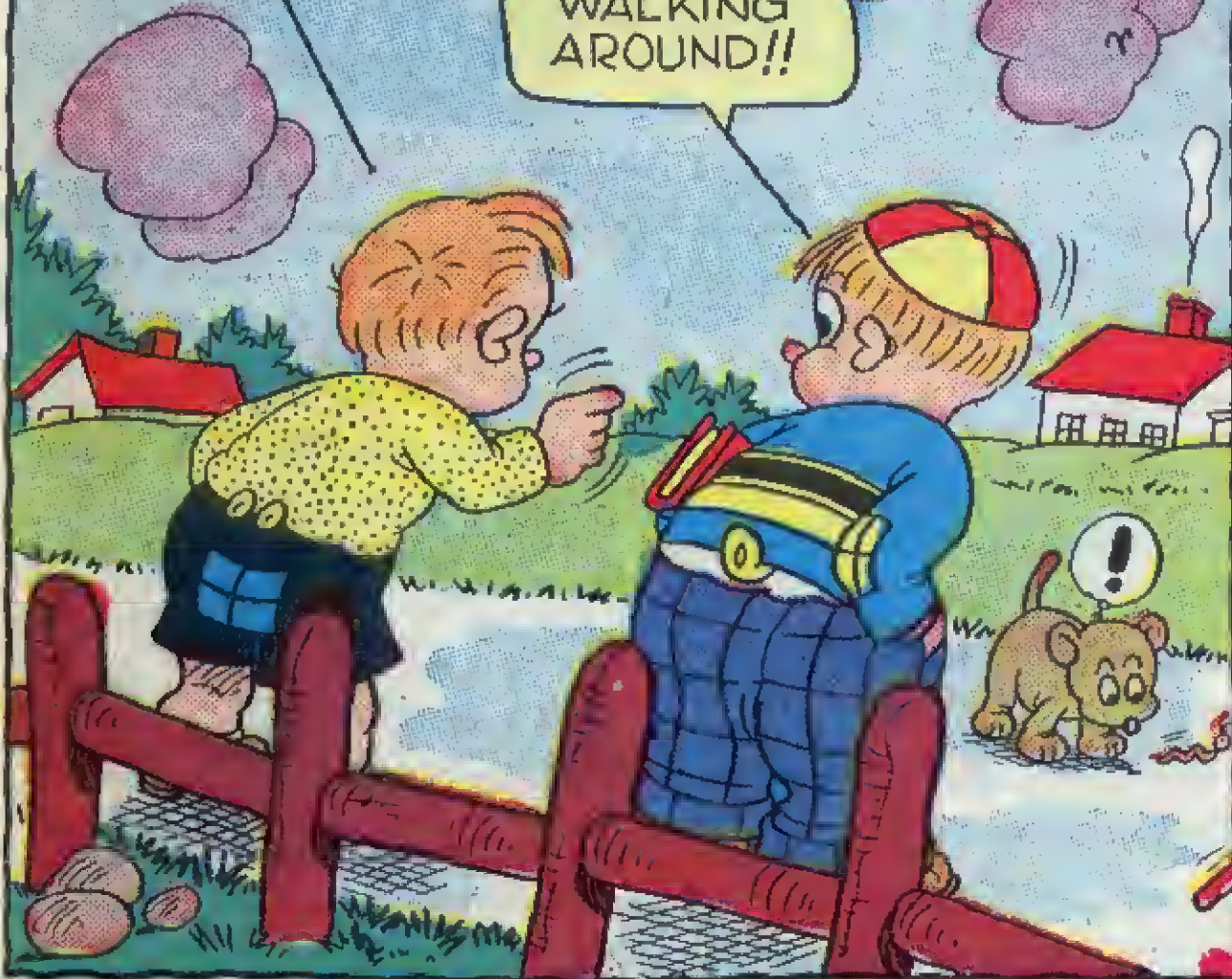
WHEN IT COMES TO STIRRING UP TROUBLE, I TAKE DA CAKE!





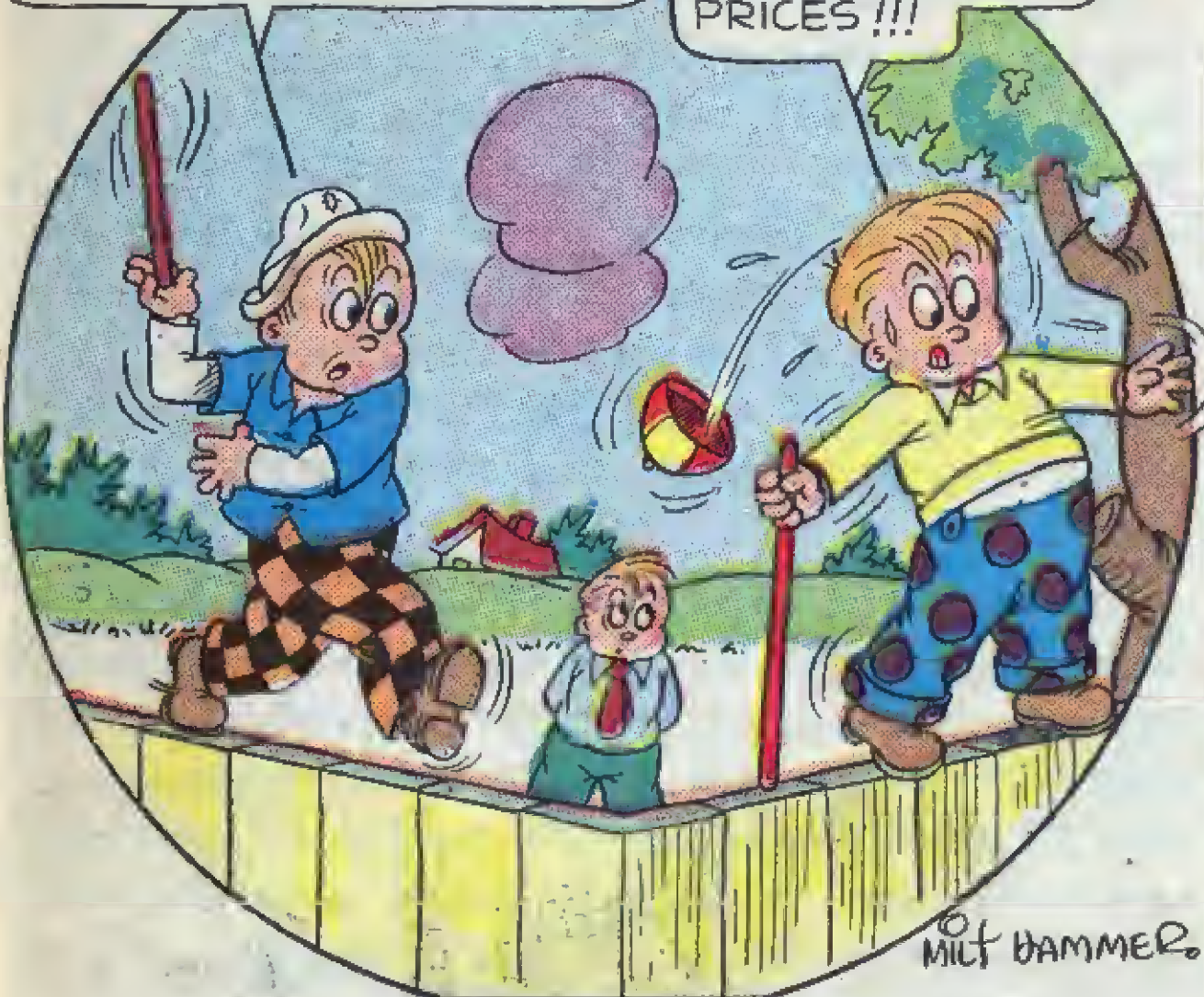
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT
FLY ON THAT
ROOF OVER
THERE ???

NOPE—BUT I
KIN HEAR IT
WALKING
AROUND!!



HOW COME YOUR SISTER
LOST HER JOB AT THE
FIVE 'N TEN CENT STORE??

AW, SHE COULDN'T
REMEMBER THE
PRICES !!!



MILT HAMMER

RARE HITLER STAMP

Every HITLER stamp found by the Allied Armies in Germany has been destroyed! But some of them were smuggled out when we first invaded Germany. We'll send a German HITLER stamp, GUARANTEED GENUINE, together with a scarce, large classic U. S. 19th century commemorative stamp, Free French Schooner stamp, Greece 2 Queens Commemorative stamp, New Zealand "rare Kiwi" bird stamp, scarce Andorra Motto stamp, and others, also a new 1947 type perforation gauge for measuring stamps, all for only 10c to approval applicants. W. PENN STAMP CO., P. O. Box 303, Phila. 5, Pa.

G'WAN, HOW DID YOUR
CHICKENS HELP
TO WIN THE
WAR ???

WELL, WEREN'T
THEY MAKING
SHELLS ???



WHAT CAN WE LEAVE
OFF IN THE
WINTER WITH-
OUT CATCHING
COLD ???

OUR BAD
HABITS!!!



RELUCTANT HERO

by John Graham



IT was a bitter evening, one of those nights when winter first begins to assert itself and the wind roars threats of things to come. A luxurious streamlined train thundered along the seemingly endless string of railroad tracks that threaded across the Arizona desert, speeding past the ill-dressed figure who plodded by in the opposite direction. The express was quickly lost in the distance, but its whistle sounded as though to mock the fist that the man shook after it.

Frank Holmes turned and licked his lips. He could almost taste the hate that stewed within him. He buttoned his cheap jacket in a futile attempt to escape the penetrating night, and wearily leaned on the pickaxe he had been carrying.

"I must be getting balmy," he muttered, "shaking my fist after trains. Why blame other people for what I am? It's O'Connell's fault that I'm reduced to this, and only

his. But I'll get him one of these days. I'll get him!"

The pickaxe was adjusted with the facility born of practice, and he resumed his long walk homeward. No matter how expertly he carried it, it was easy to see that the hands of Frank Holmes had not always worked with such crude tools. The long tapering fingers were more accustomed to the scalpel.

But all that had been a year ago. He was nothing but a day laborer now, thanks to Dr. Ralph O'Connell. O'Connell! O'Connell! O'Connell! The very name sounded a hymn of hate in his heart, and the fat, sleek, smiling face danced before his tortured eyes.

O'Connell had always hated him, Holmes knew. Still, he had not expected the stealthy blow, born of jealousy, that had disgraced him and caused him to cease practicing medicine. It had been easy for O'Connell to frame him for criminal in-

competence, although there had been no actual guilt on Frank's part. What was his word against that of a respected medical figure such as Dr. Ralph O'Connell?

And now he was a common laborer who walked wearily in the cold, warmed only by hate. But he'd get O'Connell! Someday it would all come out even. The thought had sustained him this past year. Someday—someday—someday.

Absorbed in his brooding, he failed to see either of the trains; failed to see that they were headed directly at one another, along the same narrow track. He roused only when they crashed together, and the sounds of the injured were awful in the night.

He sprinted quickly to the tangle of twisted steel and hacked furiously through it. Fighting his way, he began to pull out those who, his practiced eye showed, still had a chance of survival. There weren't many. The

speed of the trains had been too great, but he worked valiantly to remove them from the inferno.

He paused, panting, outside the wreck. Pity for the unfortunates welled within him. But what could he do? He had no means to help them—nothing, not even a license to practice the healing he loved so well. He was just Frank Holmes, day laborer.

Was that another call he heard from within the flaming coaches? Yes, there was no mistake this time. He plunged in again, thinking that, at least, he could prevent the poor wretch from being burned to death.

The agony in the scream made it simple to locate its source. Frank hacked his way through the debris to the shrieking figure. He reached forward to help him up, then pulled back.

"O'Connell!" he breathed, and the whisper was incredulous.

It was O'Connell, a twisted, broken O'Connell. Frank shook in the grip of a powerful emotion. Fate was good. He had his chance to watch O'Connell die!

Another moan was wrung from the pain-wracked man, and Frank's laugh died in

his throat as instinct propelled him into lifting his enemy. With the same motion, he picked up O'Connell's little black doctor's bag.

He noticed almost absently that a rescue party had arrived as he emerged from the coach with his anguished burden. He lowered O'Connell to the ground. There! Let him die now! He had done too much already.

"Nice going, fellow," one of the rescue party complimented him, "but I'm afraid it won't do much good. Can't get a doctor out here for hours yet."

Frank said nothing, but the little black doctor's bag seemed to stare at him accusingly. Struggle raged within him and he clenched his fists in helpless fury. Suddenly, he bent and took the little bag.

"Stand clear," he said to the others. "I'm a doctor—that is, I used to be."

He had finished tending to the others when he felt a gentle tug on his sleeve.

"How about this guy, Doc?" asked one of the men, indicating O'Connell.

Yes, how about him? Here was his chance to revenge himself on his mortal

enemy, the man who had destroyed him. It was easy, but he couldn't. Something deep within him, made him kneel and minister to the hurts of the man he hated. It was a difficult task, but when he had finished he knew that O'Connell would live.

Some months later, Dr. Frank Holmes sat in his neat little office, reflecting on that night of terror and the part he had played in it. The attendant publicity had praised his heroism, and investigation had cleared his name. He had been particularly commended for his notable work in O'Connell's case.

Preoccupied, he failed to hear the door open, and started when a familiar voice addressed him.

"Thanks for saving my life, Holmes," O'Connell said. "But I still don't understand why you wanted to save me."

Frank Holmes stood up from the desk and looked at the man he hated. "Why did I save you? Well, if you must know, I saved you for this!"

His fist felt good against the fat, oily face of O'Connell.

FRAIDY CAT PHIL

HERE, KITTY! KITTY!



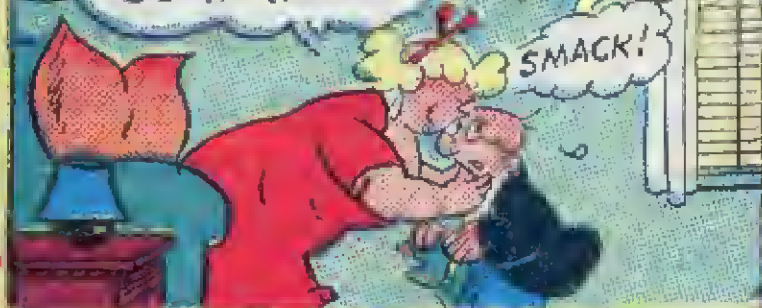
WHOA! A BIG BLACK CAT
CROSSING MY PATH, RIGHT
UNDER MY VERY NOSE...
I'M IN FOR SOMETHING!



OH, PHILIP, DARLING,
I'M SO GLAD TO SEE
YOU TODAY OF ALL
DAYS. I JUST CAN'T
WAIT TO TELL YOU -
I'VE GOT SO MANY
SURPRISES!

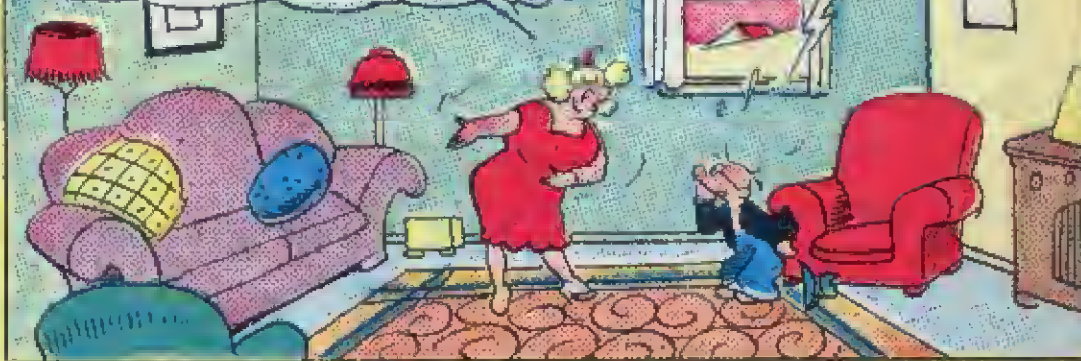
I KNEW
IT - I
KNEW
IT - HERE
IT COMES!

SMACK!



FIRST OF ALL, NOW, HOW
DO YOU LIKE THE NEW
LIVING ROOM SET AND
RUG I GOT FOR ONLY
SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS?

ONLY
\$600..!



WAIT! - YOU
HAVEN'T SEEN
ANYTHING YET -
THIS NEW OUTFIT
WAS A BARGAIN
AT \$750⁰⁰

GOING
UP! -
\$750
NOW!



AND THE NEW
CAR I ORDERED
IS REALLY A
BEAUTY -
\$1050, F.O.B.

I'M
GETTING
FAINT!



I DIDN'T
FORGET YOU
DEAR, LOOK,
\$1500!

POOR-
HOUSE,
HERE I
COME!



...AND I STILL
HAVE THIRTY-FOUR
THOUSAND DOLLARS
LEFT...OUT OF THE
LOTTERY TICKET -
I WON!

WHA - ?!!
YOU WON ON A
LOTTERY TICKET.
I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW YOU HAD
ONE!!



♪ WHOSE AFRAID OF THE
BIG BLACK CAT, THE BIG
BLACK CAT, THE BIG
BLACK CAT...♪



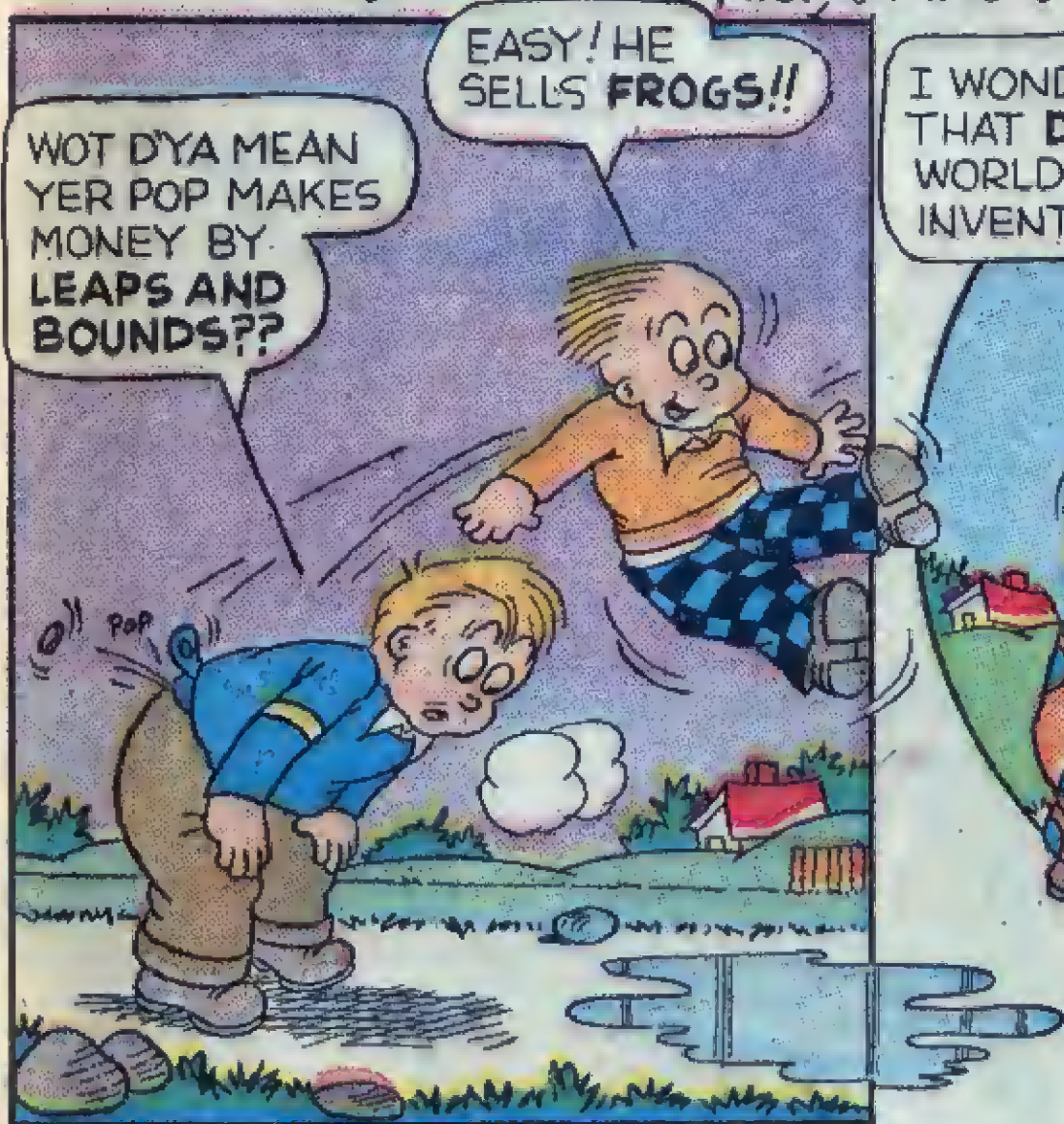
ART
HELFBANT



TARGETTOONS



by
MILT HAMMER



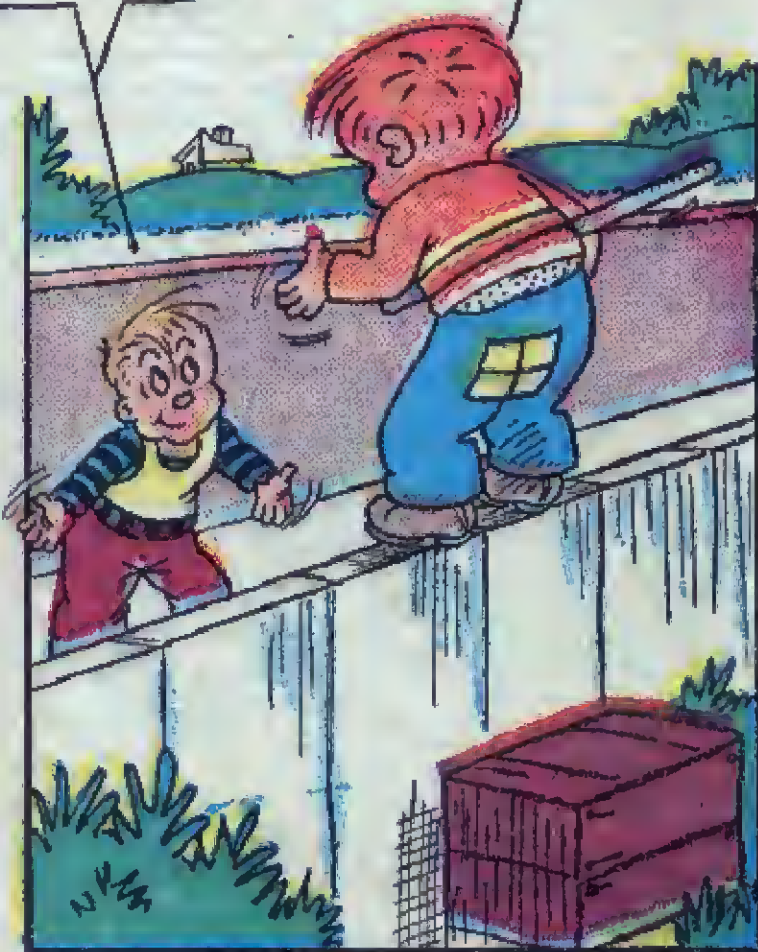
I WONDER WHY THEY SAY THAT **DYNAMITE** IS THE WORLD'S GREATEST INVENTION ???

I S'POSE 'CAUSE NO ONE CAN HOLD A **CANDLE** TO IT !!!



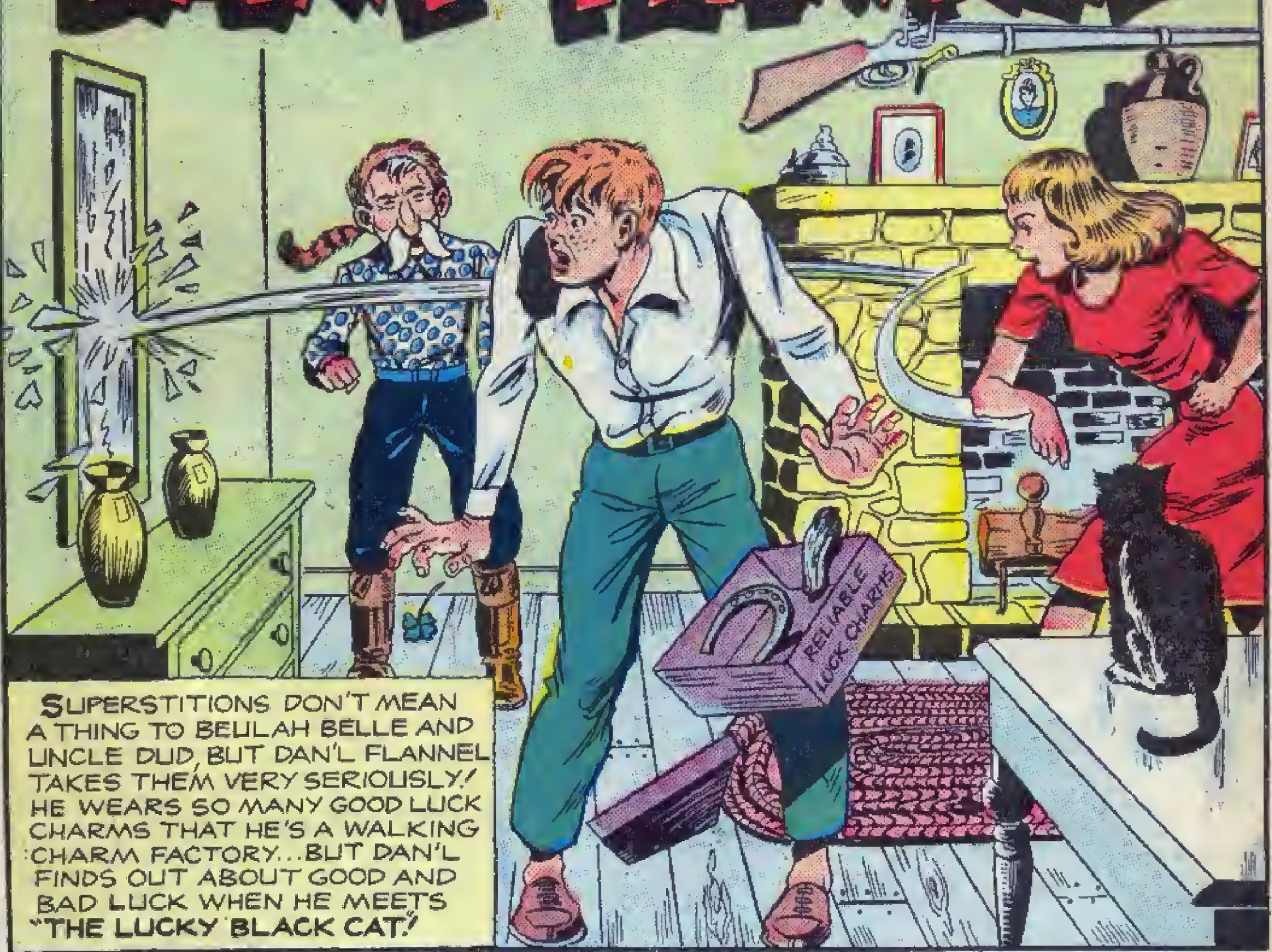
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A **PARATROOPER** WHEN YOU GROW UP??

GEE, I'D **JUMP** AT THE CHANCE!!



TARGET COMICS

DAN'L FLANNEL

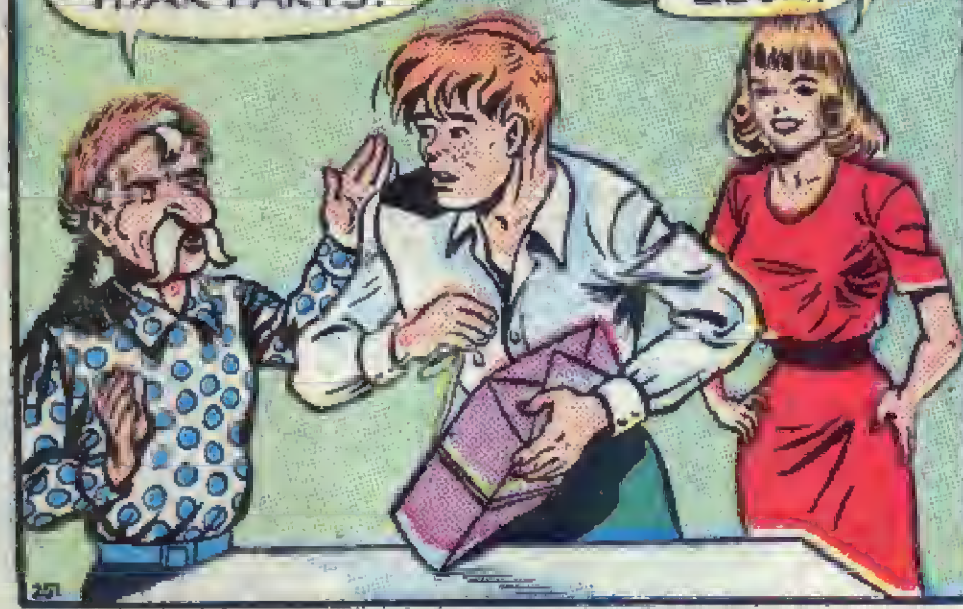


SUPERSTITIONS DON'T MEAN A THING TO BEULAH BELLE AND UNCLE DUD, BUT DAN'L FLANNEL TAKES THEM VERY SERIOUSLY! HE WEARS SO MANY GOOD LUCK CHARMS THAT HE'S A WALKING CHARM FACTORY... BUT DAN'L FINDS OUT ABOUT GOOD AND BAD LUCK WHEN HE MEETS "THE LUCKY BLACK CAT!"

DAN'L SEEMS TO BE GETTING A RAZZING...

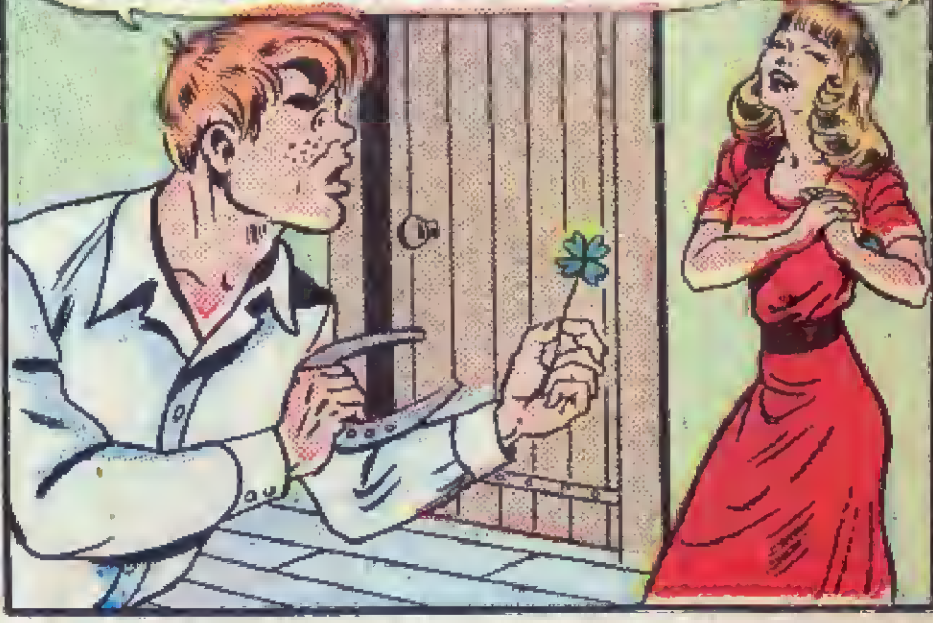
SO THEY COME, EH, DAN'L? NOW Y'ALL AIR A GOIN' TO BE THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THESE HYAR PARTS!

HA! HA! OL' DAN'L ISN'T HAVIN' ANY MORE BAD LUCK!

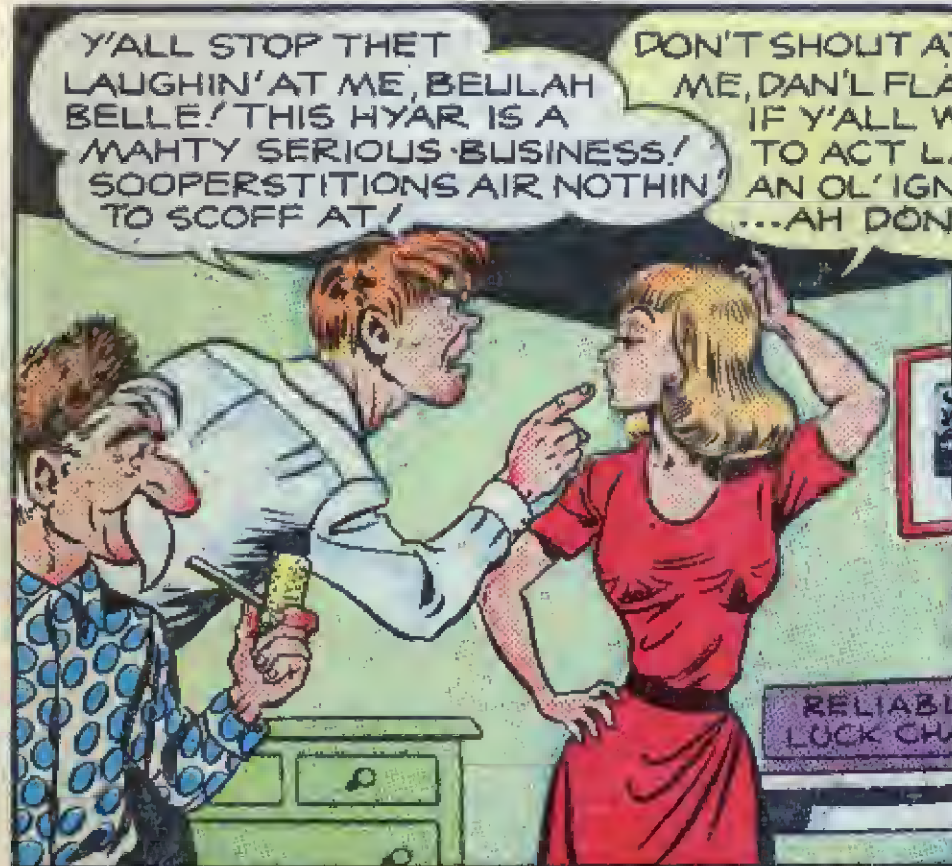


LAUGH AWAY! BUT Y'ALL WILL BE LAUGHIN' ON T'OTHER SIDE O' YORE FACES WHEN Y'ALL SEE WHUT GOOD LUCK AH'M A GOIN' TO HAVE! AH'LL WEAR EVERYONE OF THESE GOOD LUCK CHARMS!

DAN'L... STOP... AH'M A GIGGLIN' FIT TO BUST!

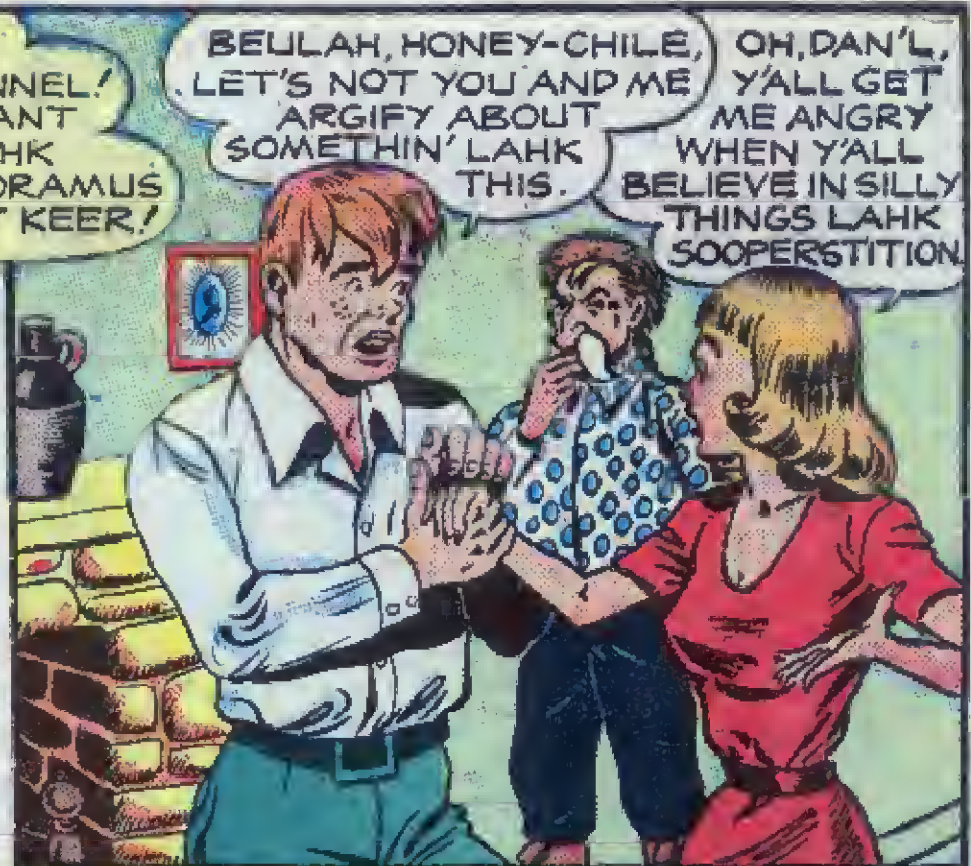


QUESTION No. 12. What face appeared on Scrooge's door knocker in "A Christmas Carol"?



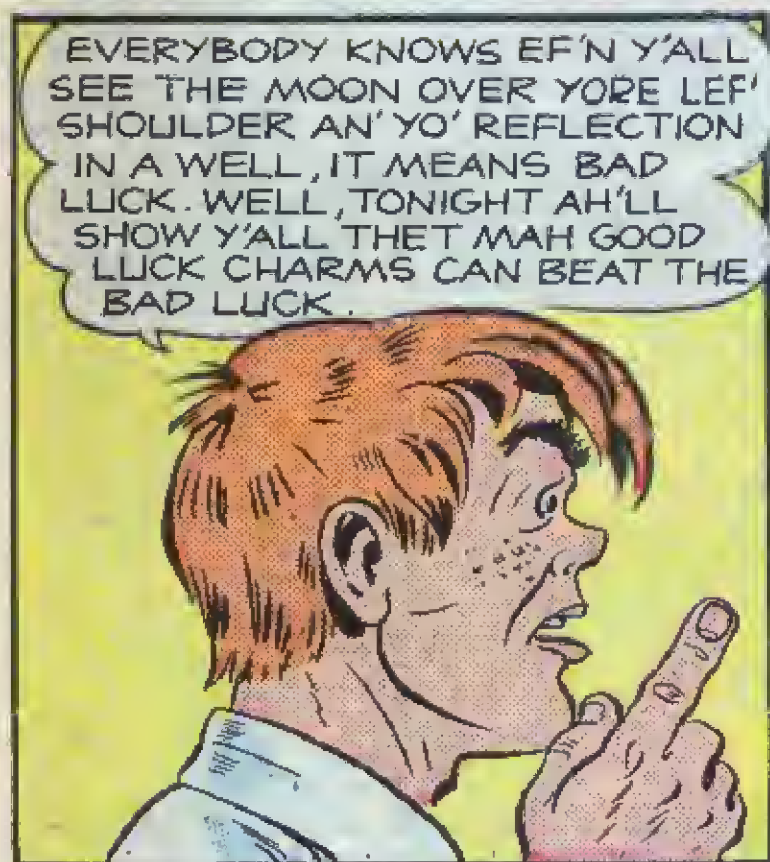
Y'ALL STOP THET LAUGHIN' AT ME, BEULLAH BELLE! THIS HYAR IS A MAHTY SERIOUS BUSINESS! SOOPERSTITIONS AIR NOTHIN' TO SCOFF AT!

DON'T SHOUT AT ME, DAN'L FLANNEL! IF Y'ALL WANT TO ACT LAHK AN OL' IGNORAMUS ...AH DON'T KEER!

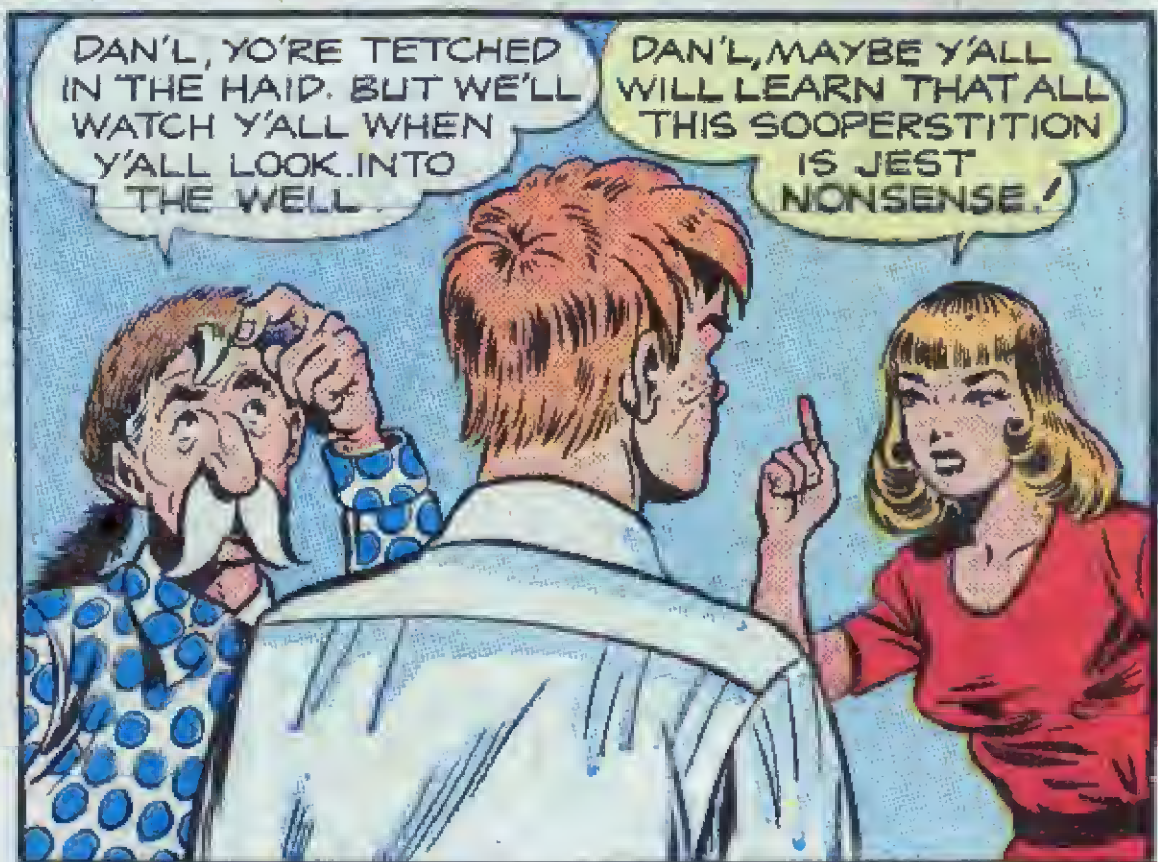


BEULLAH, HONEY-CHILE, LET'S NOT YOU AND ME ARGIFY ABOUT SOMETHIN' LAHK THIS.

OH, DAN'L, Y'ALL GET ME ANGRY WHEN Y'ALL BELIEVE IN SILLY THINGS LAHK SOOPERSTITION.



EVERYBODY KNOWS EF'N Y'ALL SEE THE MOON OVER YORE LEF' SHOULDER AN' YO' REFLECTION IN A WELL, IT MEANS BAD LUCK. WELL, TONIGHT AH'LL SHOW Y'ALL THET MAH GOOD LUCK CHARMS CAN BEAT THE BAD LUCK.



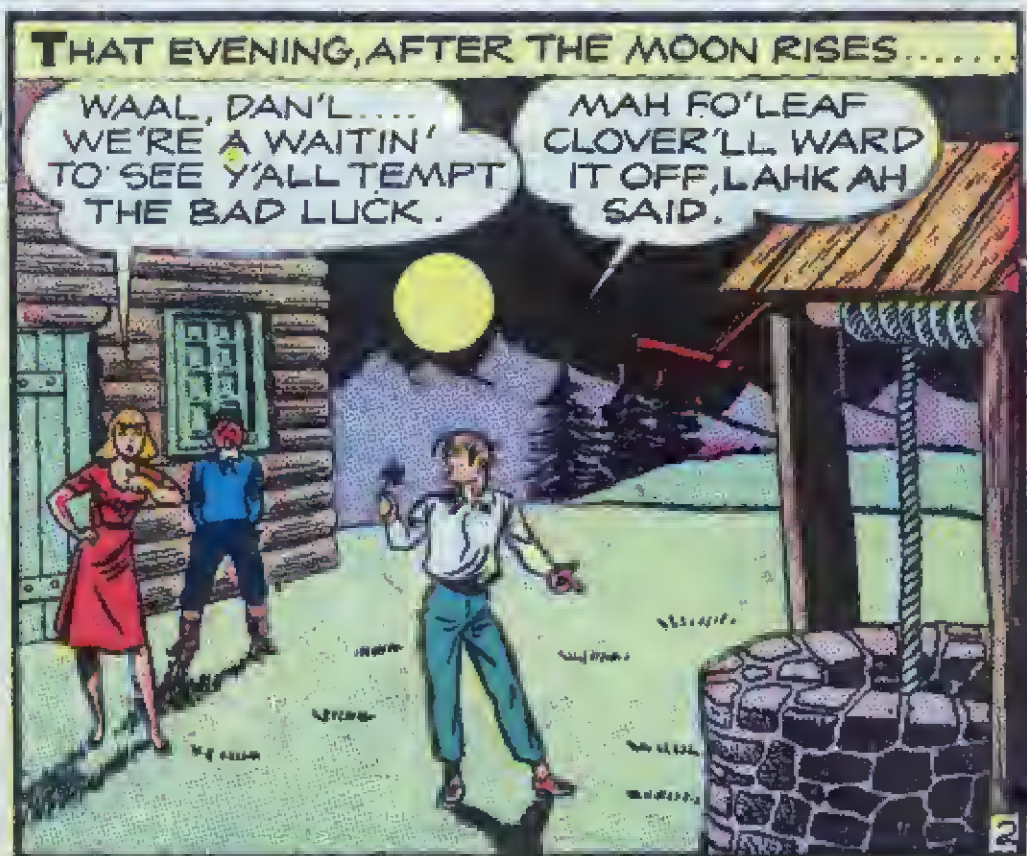
DAN'L, YO'RE TETCHED IN THE HAID. BUT WE'LL WATCH Y'ALL WHEN Y'ALL LOOK INTO THE WELL.

DAN'L, MAYBE Y'ALL WILL LEARN THAT ALL THIS SOOPERSTITION IS JEST NONSENSE!



THIS HYAR FO'LEAF CLOVER'LL TAKE KEER OF THE BAD LUCK!

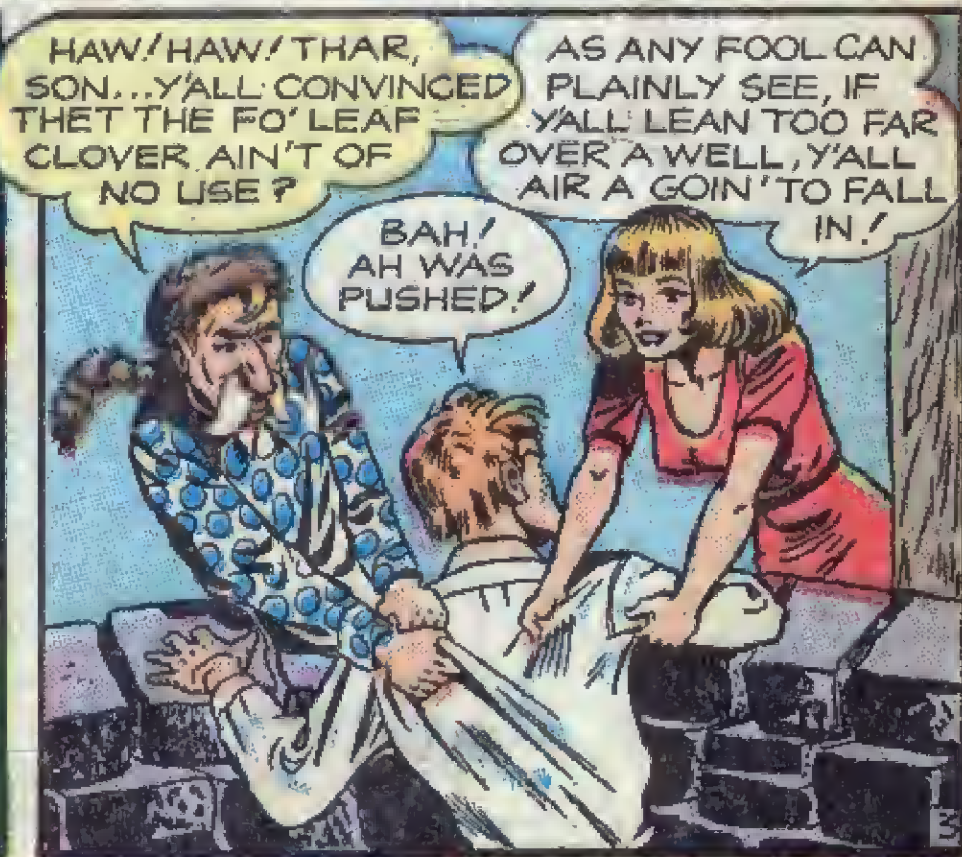
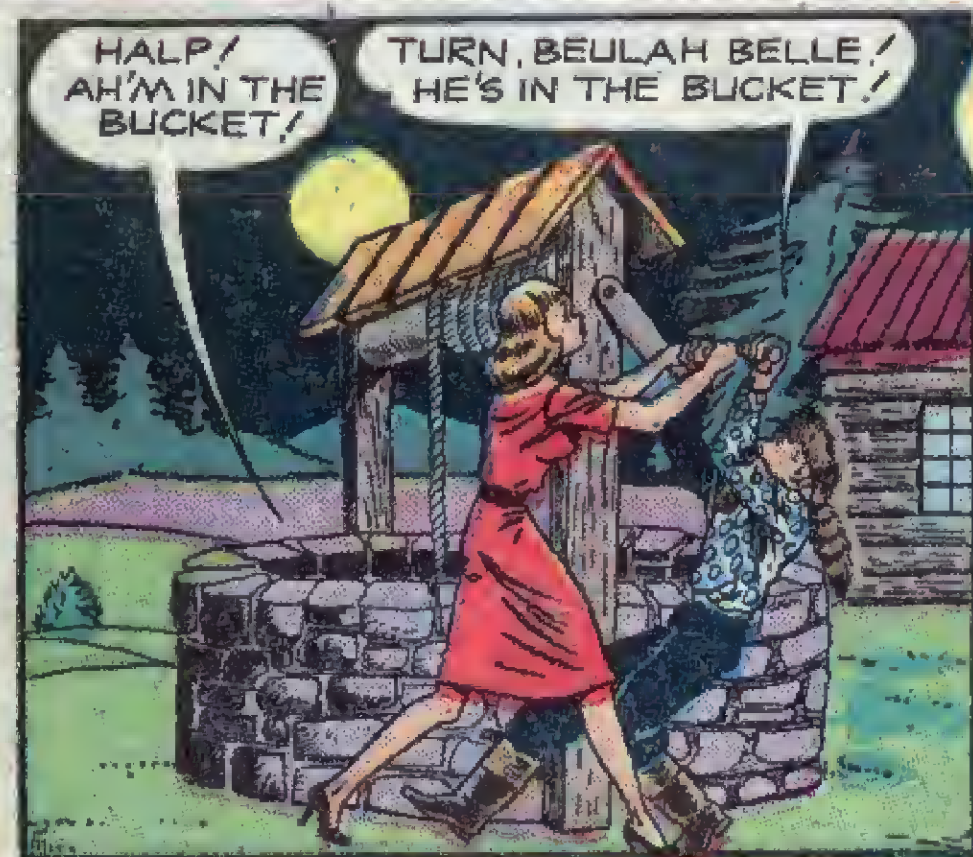
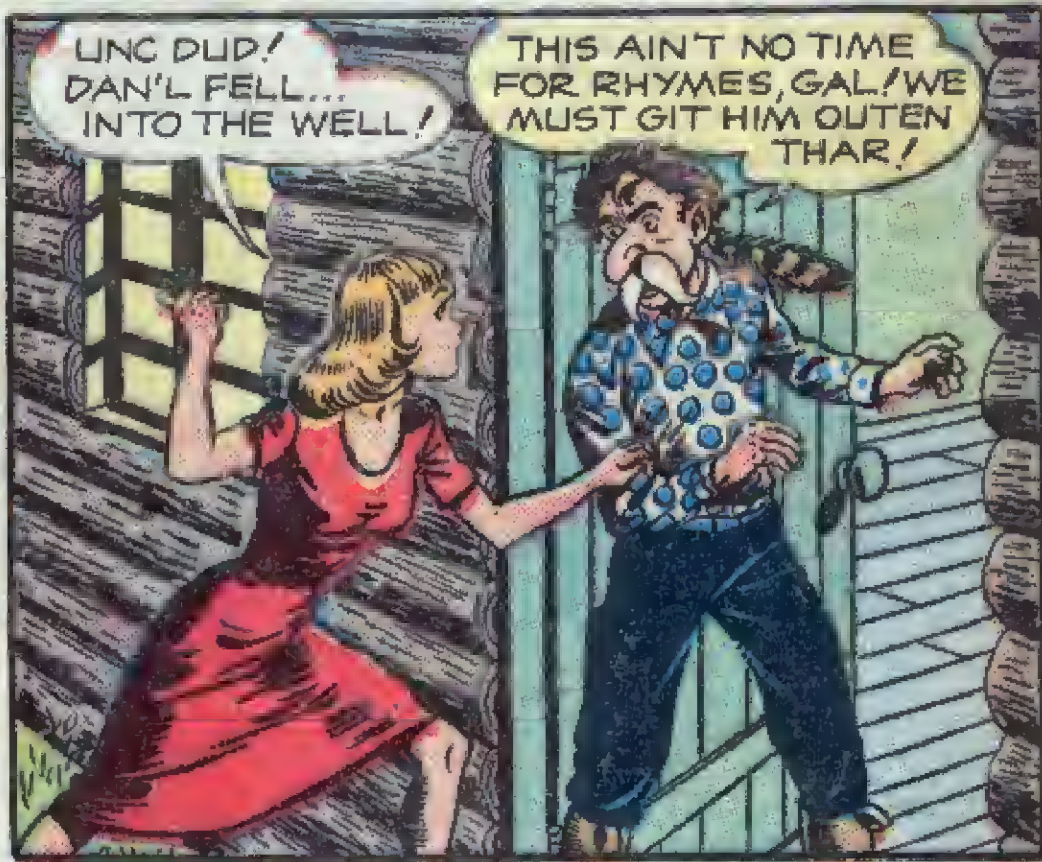
DAN'L, DAN'L.... WON'T Y'ALL EVER GET SMART?



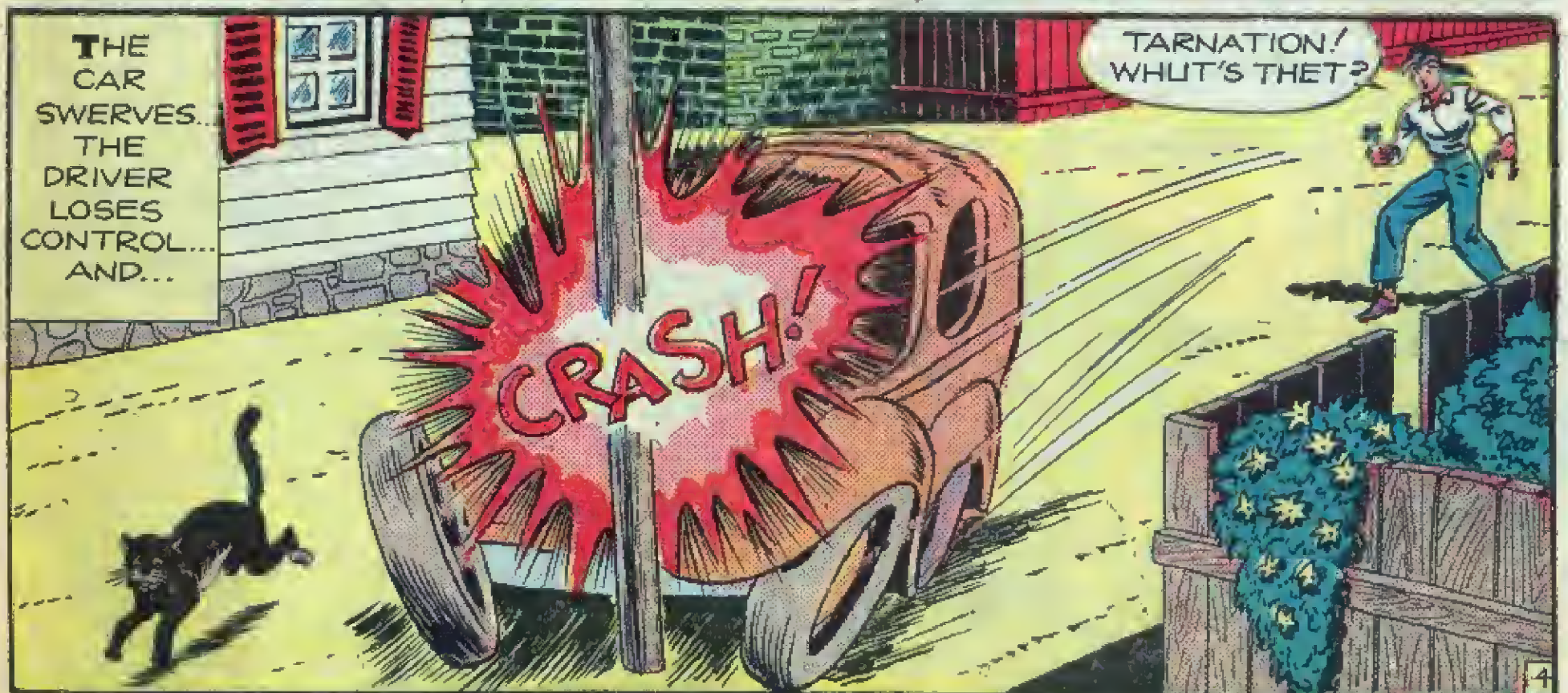
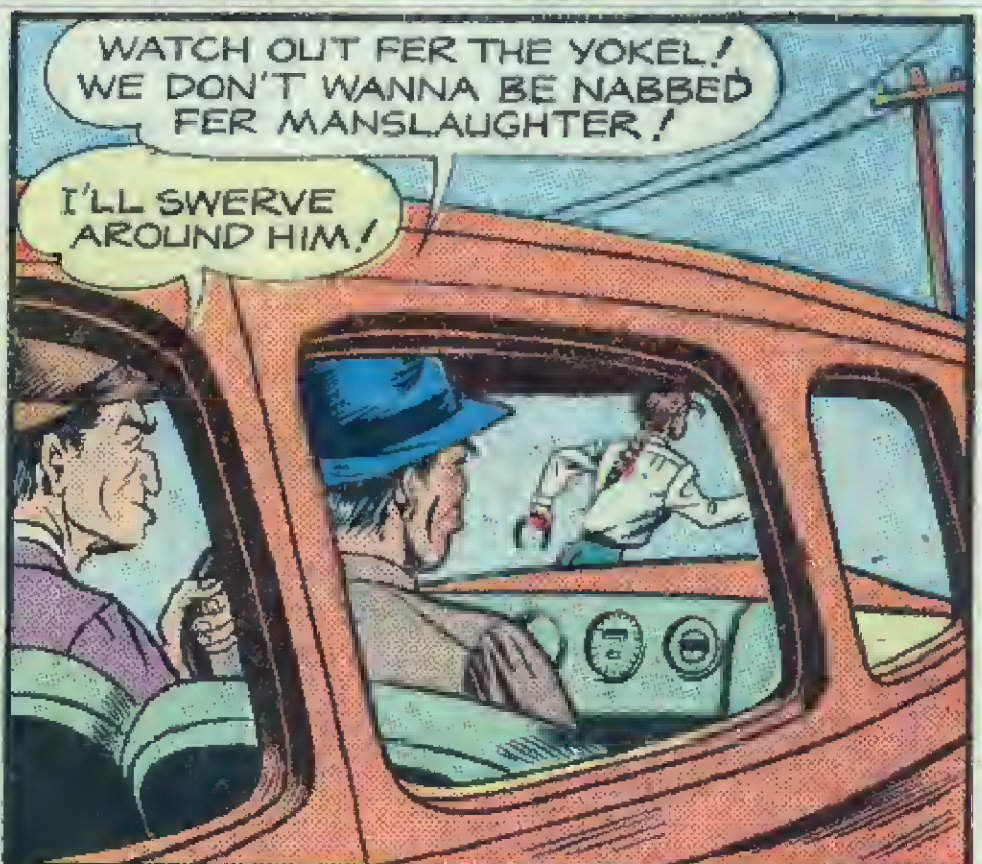
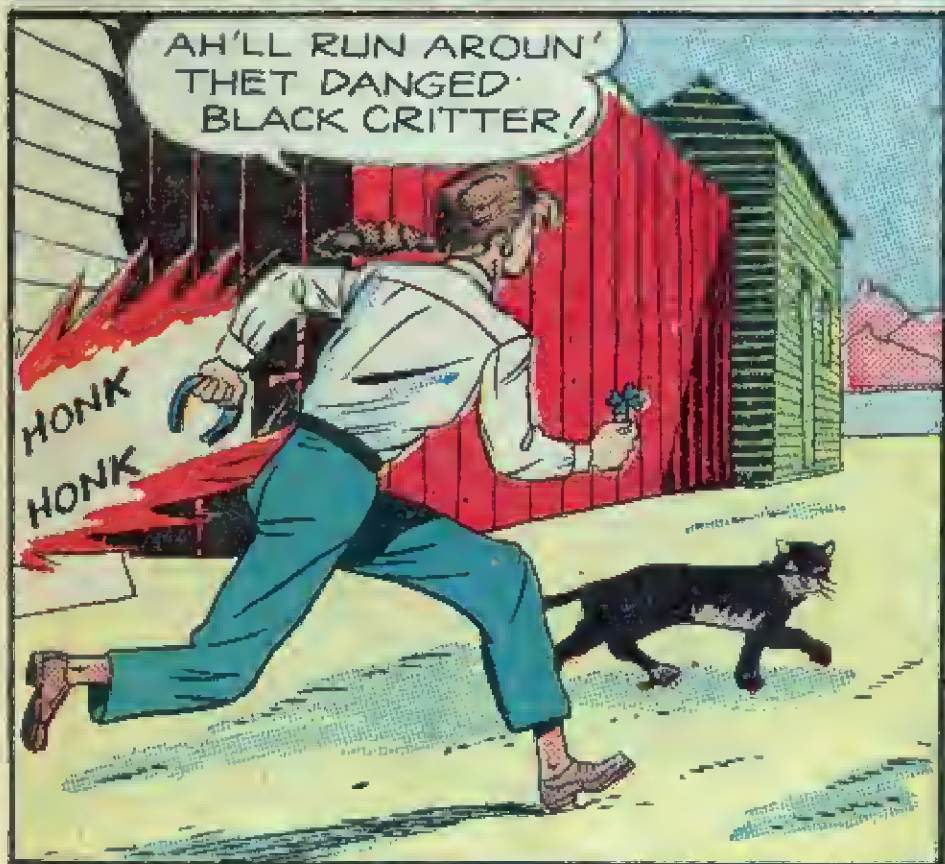
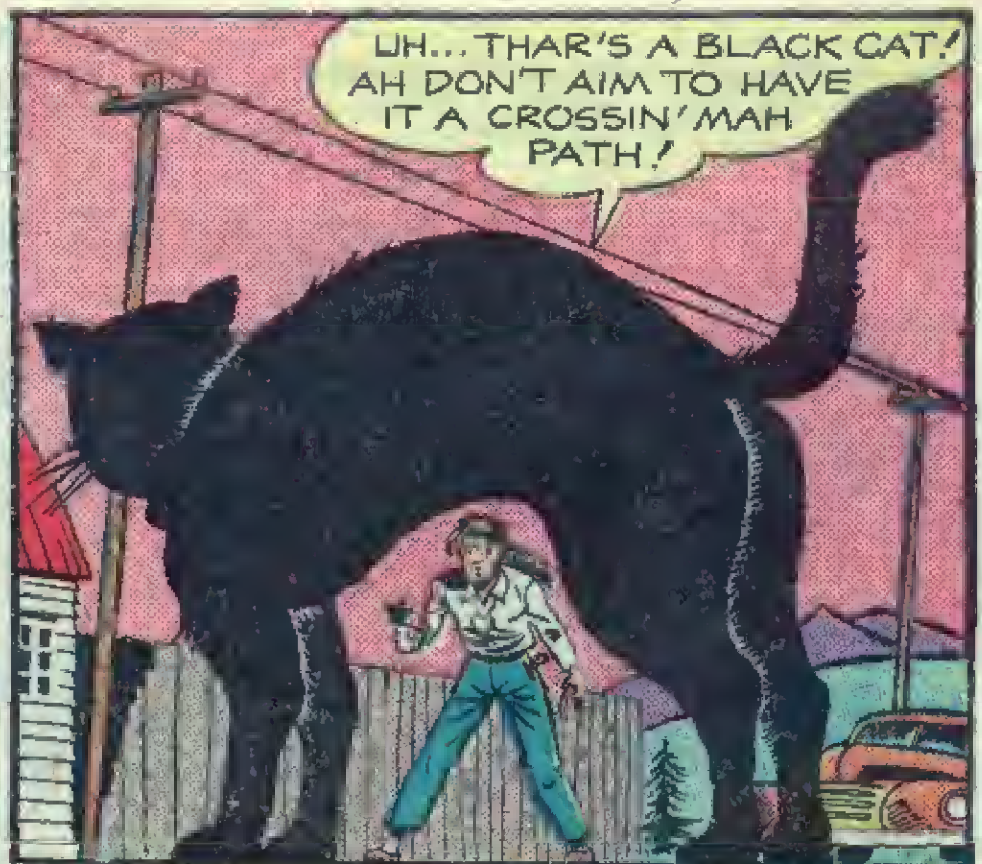
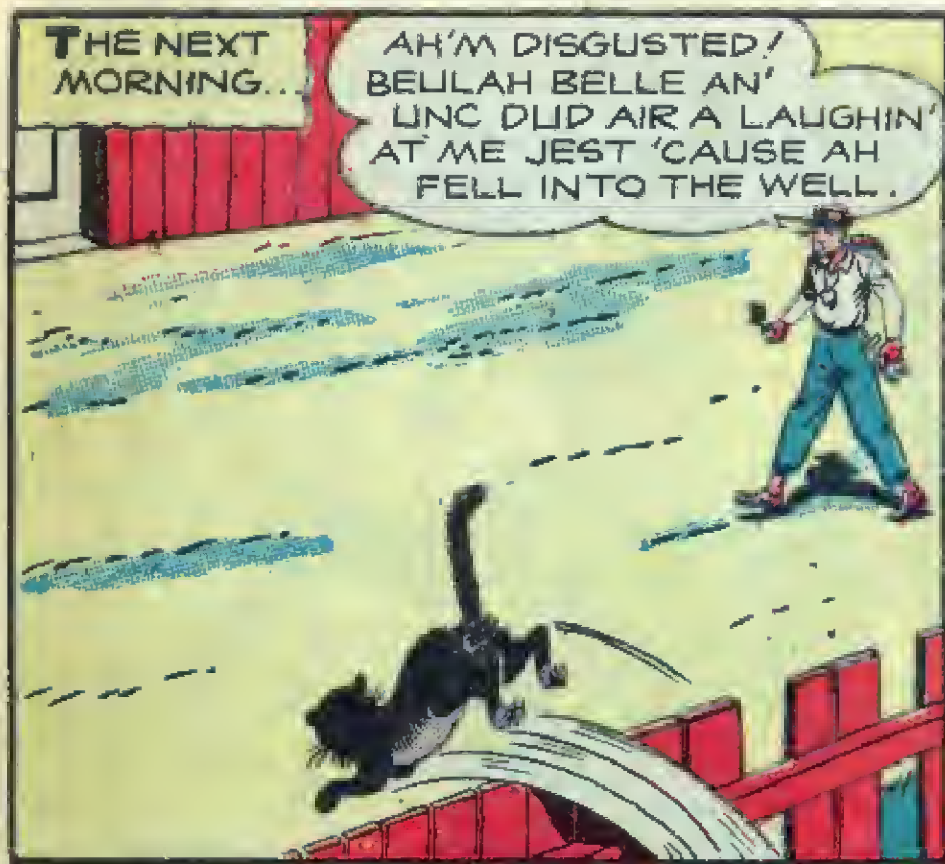
THAT EVENING, AFTER THE MOON RISES.....

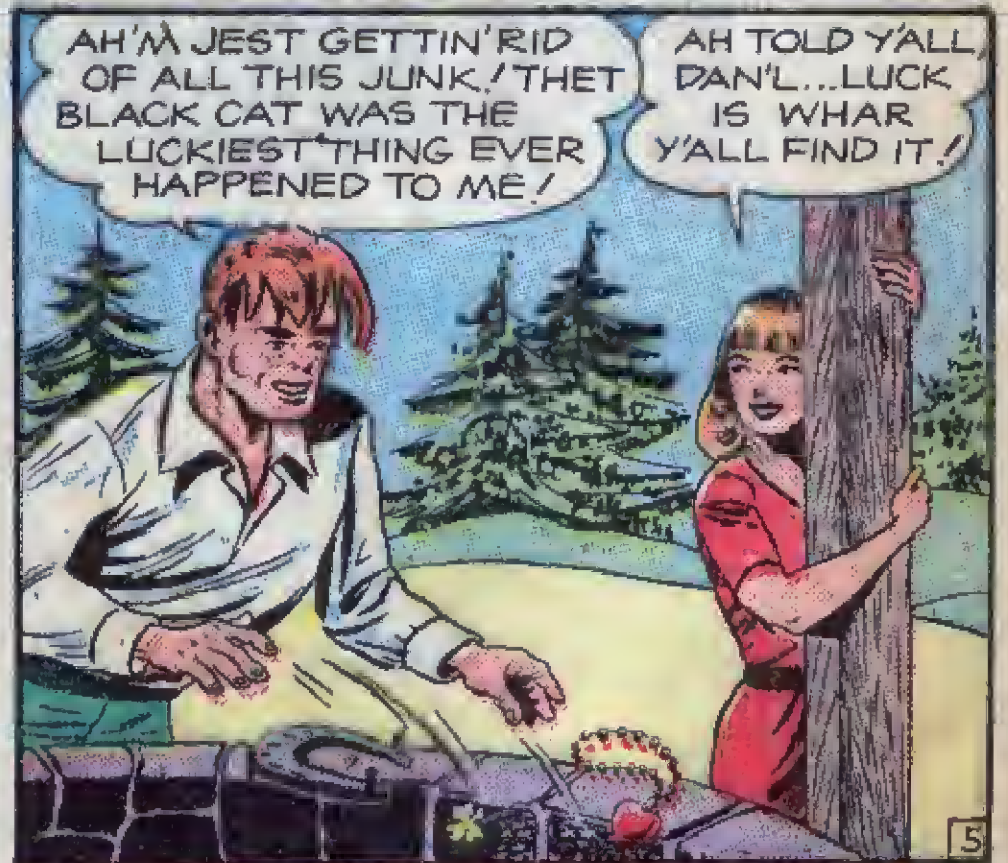
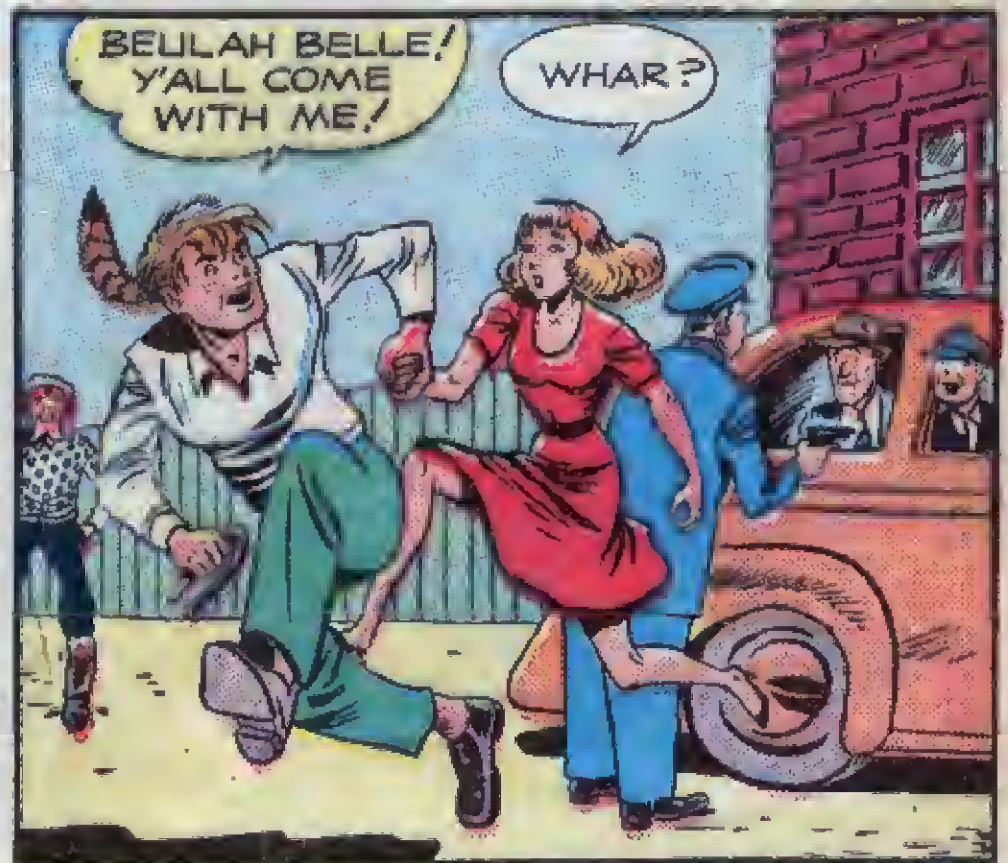
WAAL, DAN'L.... WE'RE A WAITIN' TO SEE Y'ALL TEMPT THE BAD LUCK.

MAH FO'LEAF CLOVER'LL WARD IT OFF, LAHK AH SAID.



QUESTION No. 15. In the Bible, Isaac met _____ at a well,






PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON

WHEN IS A DEAD MAN NOT
A DEAD MAN? THE ANSWER
TO THIS CAN BE LEARNED
WHEN YOU READ THE THRILL-
ING CHAMELEON ADVENTURE
CALLED,
"THE CROOKED BUS FRANCHISE."

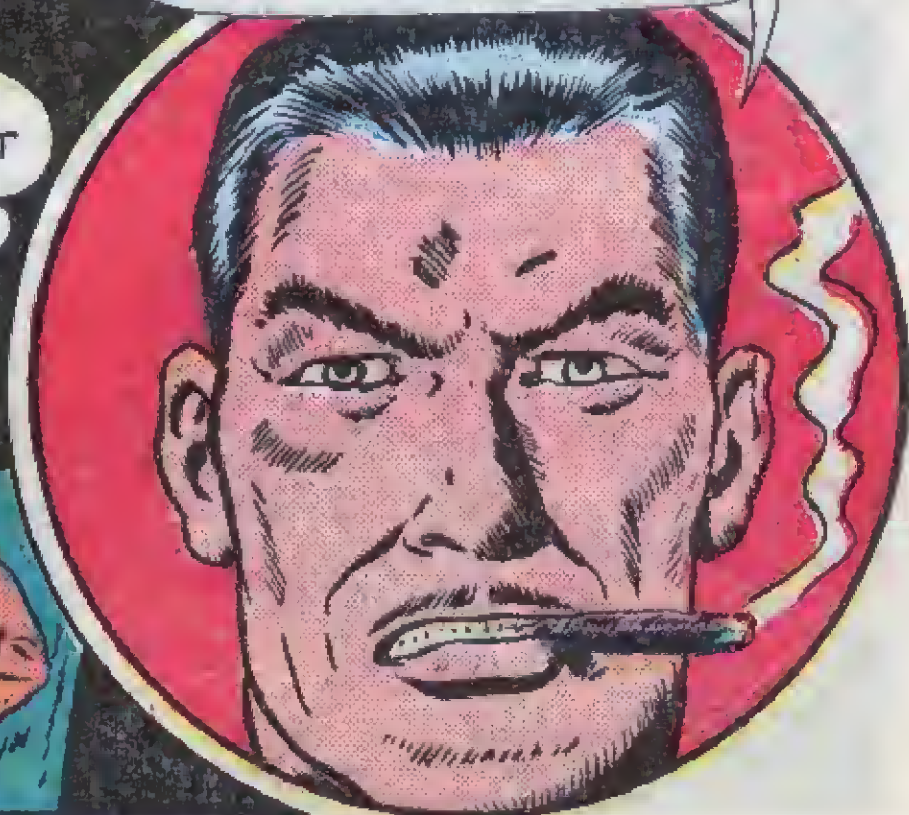


NOW LISTEN... HE AIN'T GONNA
STAY IN OUR WAY ANY MORE.
THIS BUS LINE IS A BIG DEAL.
I'M GONNA RUN IT. I DON'T
WANT NO MORE TROUBLE FROM
STOCKBRIDGE. SAVVY?

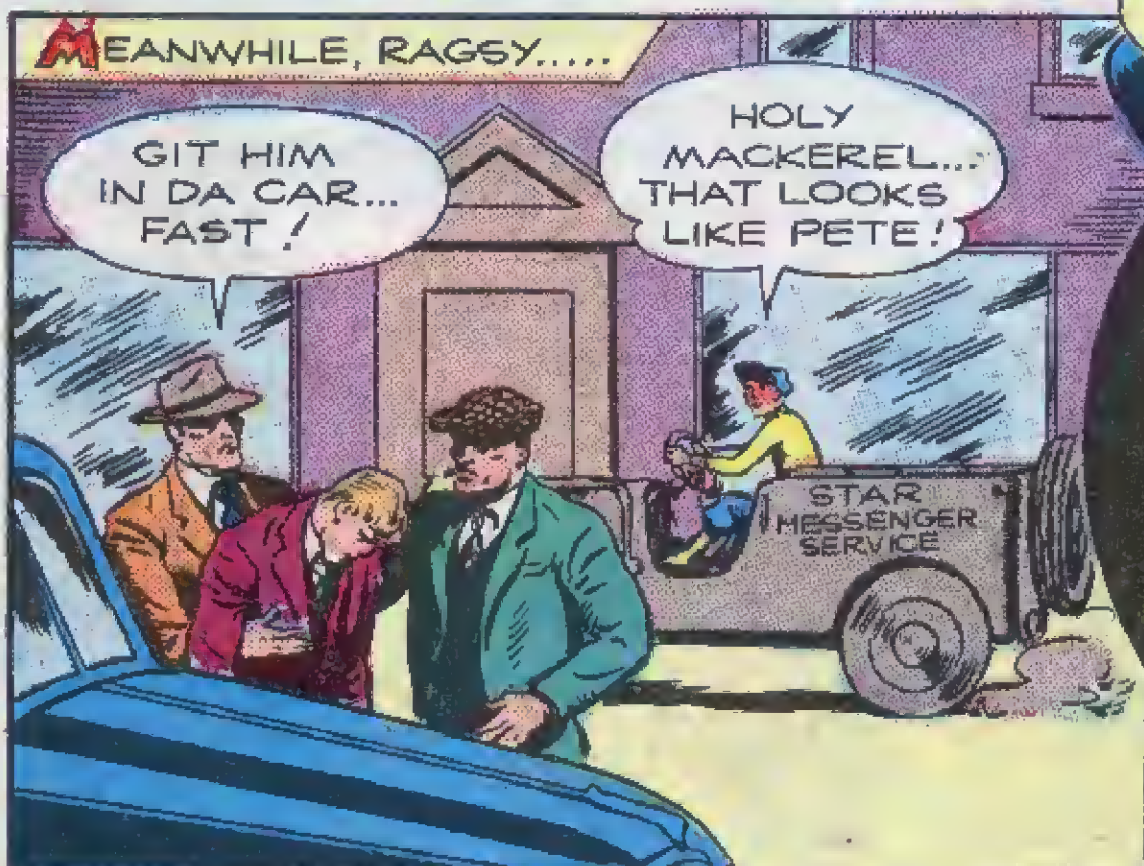
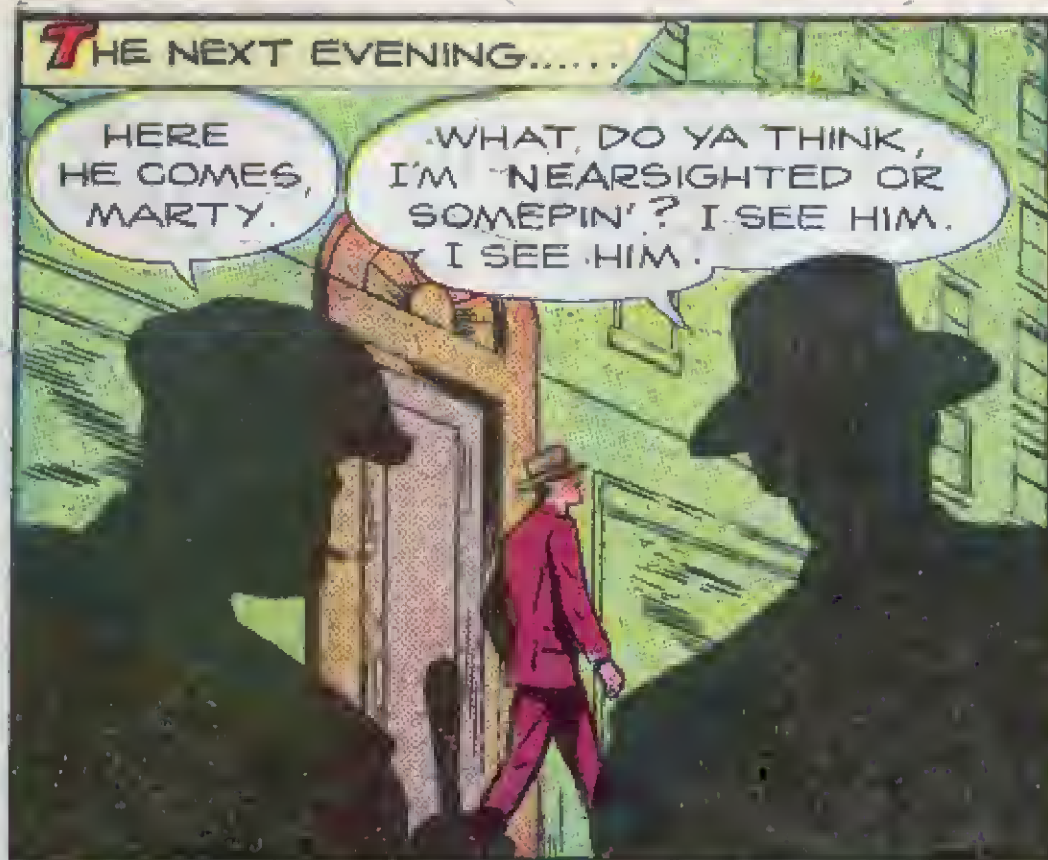
IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF "MUGS"
HORTON, BIG-TIME RACKETEER.....

YOU PUNKS!
THIS GUY STOCKBRIDGE
HAS GONE TOO FAR!
THAT FRANCHISE
IS IN THE
BALANCE!

YEAH, MUGS... HE'S
DE ONLY GUY WHAT
STANDS IN DA WAY
OF US GETTIN' THE
BUS FRANCHISE....
EVERYBODY ELSE
IS GREASED!



TARGET COMICS



LATER...

THOSE GUYS ARE HARDLY ORIGINAL. THAT STUNT WAS FIRST PULLED IN "BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL," THIRTY YEARS AGO. BUT... THE TRAIN'LL BE HERE SOON, AND CORNY OR NOT, IT'LL MAKE MINCEMEAT OUT OF PETE.

COME ON. THE SPECIAL IS DUE IN THREE MINUTES. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

AW RIGHT, I'M COMIN'. BUT YA DON'T HAVE TO BE SO BOSSY, DO YA?

UH-OH. THERE THEY GO, AND NOW IT'S UP TO LI'L OL' RAGSY.

GOSH! HE'S HEAVY!

OOOH...MY POOR, ACHING HEAD. THANKS, RAGSY.

YOU MUST HAVE ROCKS IN YOUR HEAD, PETE. IT'S PLENTY HARD. THOSE GUYS WERE PATTING YOU WITH THE BLACKJACKS

THOSE GUYS WORK FOR MUGS HORTON. HE SENT THEM TO BUMP ME OFF. BY GOSH! TOMORROW'S STAR WILL RUN THE STORY OF MY UNTIMELY DEATH. WE'LL FIX THOSE BIRDS!

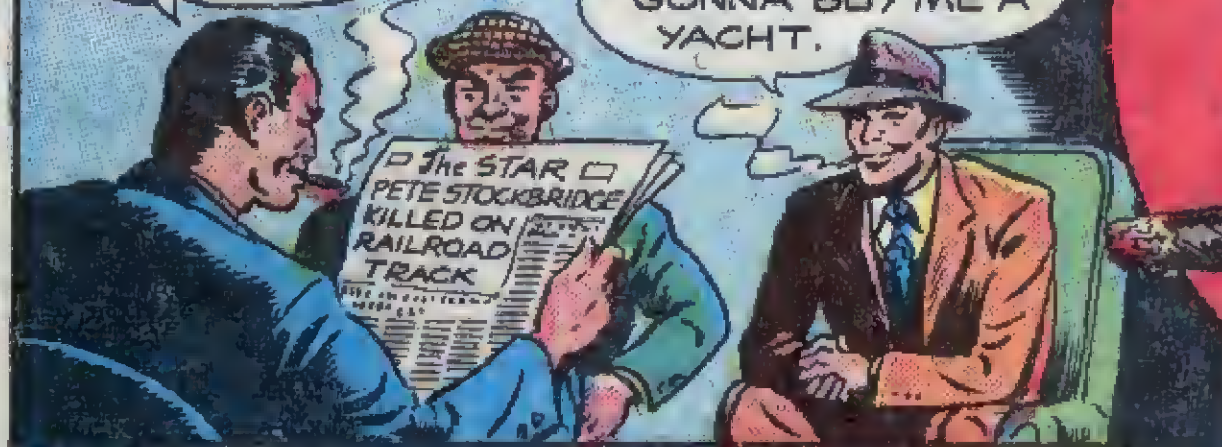
I DIG YOU, CHARACTER. YOU'RE ON THE BEAM. LET'S GET BACK TO THE OFFICE.

THE NEXT MORNING, THERE IS REJOICING IN MUGS HORTON'S HIDEOUT....

SWELL JOB, BOYS! SWELL. NOW NOTHIN'S IN OUR WAY. THE BUS FRANCHISE IS ON ICE.

YEAH. WHAT WE WON'T BE ABLE TO DO WITH THAT FRANCHISE! BROTHER, I'M GONNA BUY ME A YACHT.

YEAH-YEAH. THE CHIPS'LL BE ROLLING IN. OH MAN! THE SOLE BUS RIGHTS IN THIS BURG. AN' MUGS HORTON HAS IT IN HIS HIP POCKET.



BUT IF MUGS KNEW WHAT WAS BREWING IN PETE'S OFFICE, HE WOULD BE LESS JUBILANT....

THAT'S THE SETUP, GENTLEMEN. THE FRANCHISE IS SET FOR SIGNATURE TOMORROW. I INTEND TO STRIKE TONIGHT.

YOU GET SOMETHING ON HORTON, MR. STOCKBRIDGE, AND WE'LL MAKE HIM DANCE TO OUR TUNE.



TOMORROW! WHAT A DAY FOR MUGS HORTON! WHAT A DAY!

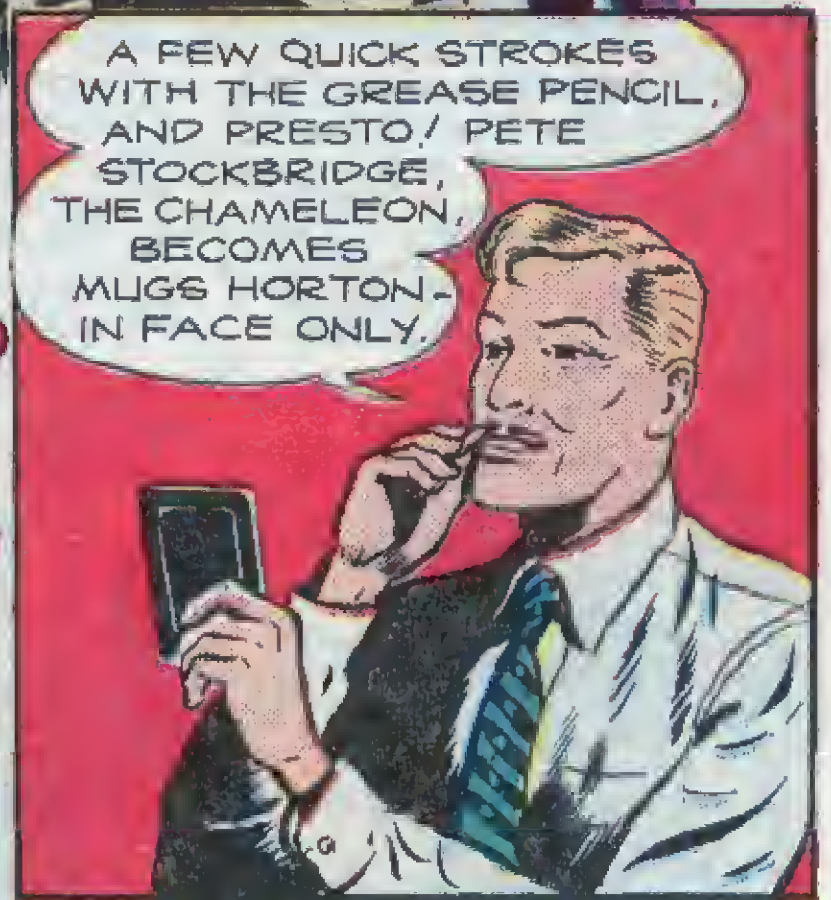
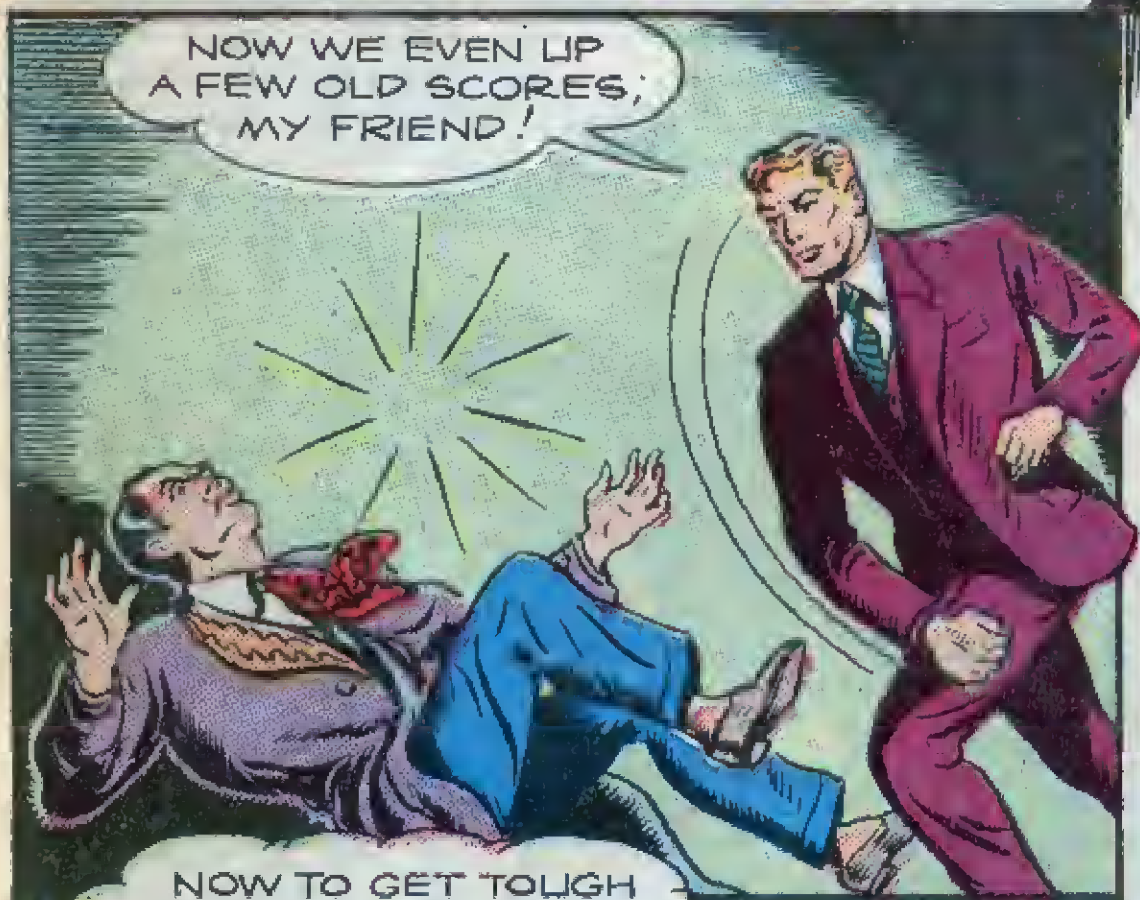
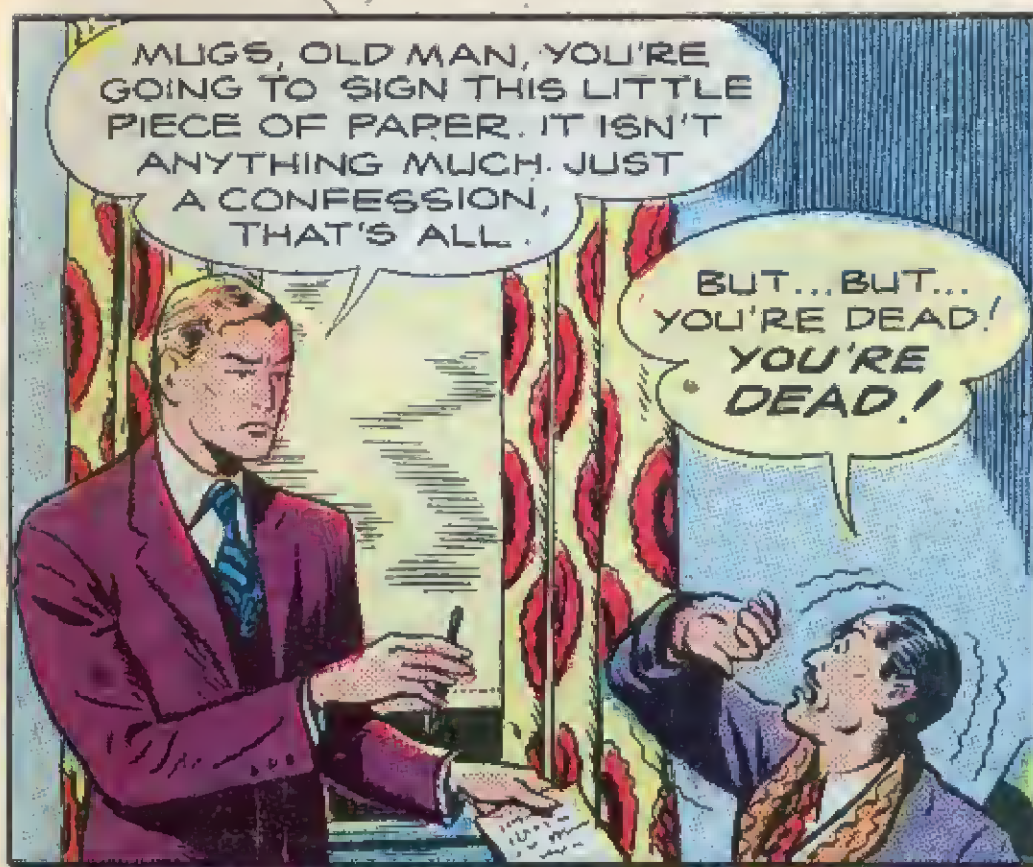


YOU FORGET ONE THING, HORTON! THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP!



YES, YOURS TRULY. WE'RE GOING TO TALK, MUGS. A HEART-TO-HEART TALK.







YEAH. IT WASN'T AN EASY JOB, EITHER. I HAD TO TALK FAST.



THERE'S THE SIGNAL....

RIGHT, WE'LL MOVE IN!



BUT YOU GUYS ARE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE....

WHAT DO YA MEAN, MUGS?



I'M NOT MUGS! PETE STOCKBRIDGE IS THE HANDLE!



WE GOT 'EM, MR. STOCKBRIDGE.

WHAT??

GOOD WORK, BOYS.



NOW TO GET DOWN TO THE STAR AND REMOVE MY NAME FROM THE OBITUARY COLUMN. THE REPORTS OF MY DEATH ARE GREATLY EXAGGERATED.

AIN'T YOU THE CARD, PETE!

TWO-TON O'TOOLE

CHEE, BOSS - YA KNOW
WE AIN'T HAD NUTTIN'
TO EAT SINCE WE
BEEN AT THIS
HOTEL

EMPTY

BREAD

DON'T REMIND ME -
AND BESIDES
WE OWE A TWO-
WEEKS' BILL!

TH'
PHONE,
BOSS
!

RING
RING!

IF THAT'S
FOR ME -
DON'T
ANSWER
IT -

IT MIGHT
BE
SOMEBODY...

IN THAT
CASE, I'LL
TAKE
IT -

'LO, CHICK - THIS IS
CHUCK - LISTEN, I'LL GIVE
YOU FIVE GRAND TO
SIGN TWO-TON WITH
FLAT-FOOT FOGARTY
NEXT SATURDAY
NIGHT -

DON'T MAKE
ME LAUGH -
YOU'RE TALKIN'
CHICKEN FEED,
CHUCK!

WELL,
HOW ABOUT
\$7500
?

IT'S
STILL
PEANUTS!
?!

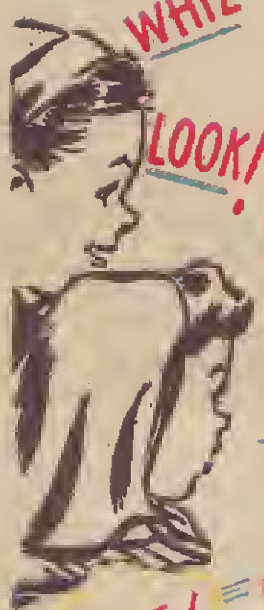
THEN COME ON OVER
TO MY OFFICE WITH
TWO-TON, AND LET'S
TALK IT OVER -

WHAT? -
AND BE LOCKED
OUT OF OUR
HOTEL ROOM!

ART
HELFBANT

IT REALLY LOOKS, ACTS, RUNS
AND SOUNDS LIKE A REAL

"Jet" Propelled SPEED BOAT



GEE
WHIZ
LOOK!

PUTT!

PUTT!

ALL METAL
NO
MOVING PARTS

FUEL SUPPLY
INCLUDED AT
NO
EXTRA COST!

NO
MOVING PARTS
NOTHING TO GET
OUT OF ORDER

- YES! IT ACTUALLY LOOKS, ACTS, RUNS,
AND SOUNDS LIKE A REAL SPEEDBOAT
- NO BETTER GIFT FOR ANY CHILD!

Runs for one-half hour on a small piece of fuel! (Fuel included!) It's easy to operate! Both Young and Old will enjoy this exciting toy for a long time to come! Parents will find new favor in the kiddies' eyes when they present this delightful toy.

Don't Delay! Avoid Disappointment! Order Several for Now, and Christmas Gift Giving.

\$1
Complete with fuel. Postpaid

Order Direct . . . TODAY . . . PROMPT SHIPMENT!

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Enclosed is \$_____ Send at once.
Jet Propelled Speed Boats at \$1 each, postpaid.

Name _____

PLEASE PRINT

Street or R.F.D. _____

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Established 1906



TARGETOONS



WOT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE IN MY SHOES, HUH?

I WONDER IF FISHES GROW FAST?

TAKE 'EM BACK 'N GET A SMALLER SIZE !!!



THEY MUST! MY POP CAUGHT ONE LAST YEAR THAT GROWS AN INCH EVERY TIME HE TALKS ABOUT IT!!

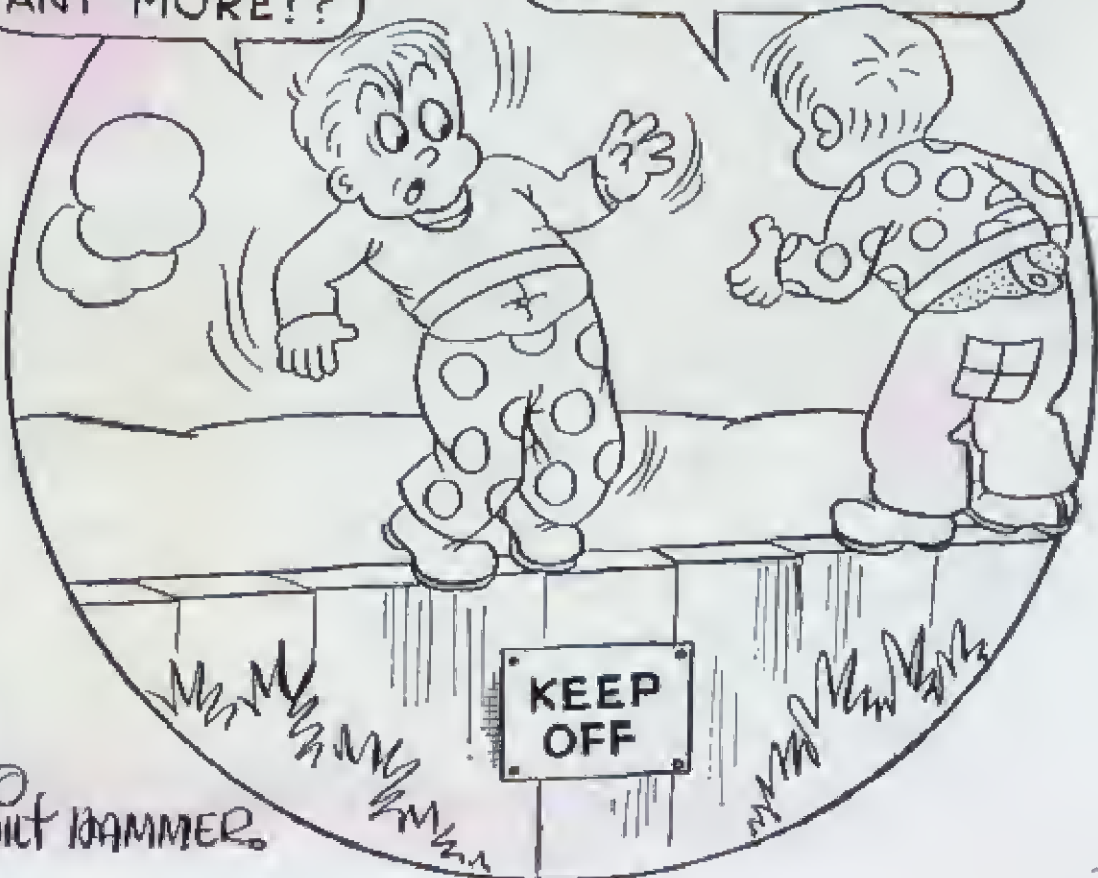


G'WAN-HOW KIN YER POP BE A SPEAKER ON A FISHIN' BOAT??

EASY-HE FURNISHES DE-BATE FER TH' FISHERMAN!!!

WOT D'YA MEAN I SHOULDN'T MENTION SUGAR TO YOU ANY MORE??

'CAUSE EVERY TIME YOU DO, I GET A LUMP IN MY THROAT !!!



© MITT HAMMER

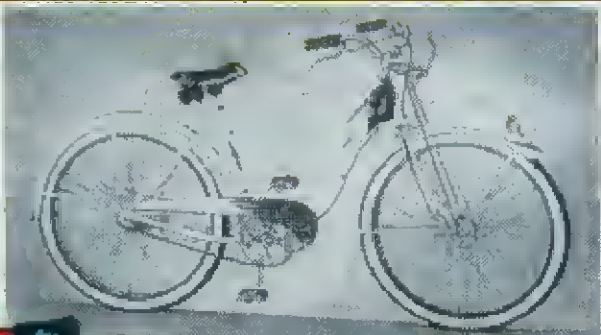
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